

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XIX.

JUNE, 1892.

No. 8.

THE BOY WHO WOULD N'T BE STUMPED.

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.

BOBBY CAMERON came into the dining-room shyly, and sat down. His nose was swollen, and there was a raw, bruised place, about as big as a ten-cent piece, between his eyes. He did n't seem anxious to draw attention to these defects, and was unusually quiet. Presently his father put down his newspaper, and his glance fell upon hapless Bobby.

"Robert," he said sternly, "what is the matter?"

"I got hurt," muttered Bobby, with his mouth full of oatmeal.

"Got hurt! I should say so! I can see that for myself. *How* did you get hurt?"

"I jumped off the oat-bin and struck my head against the pole of the carriage."

"What possessed you to do that?"

"Well, a boy stumped me, and so—"

"A boy did *what?*" interrupted his father.

"Stumped me," repeated Bobby, growing more and more embarrassed.

Mr. Cameron looked at his wife.

"What is he talking about, Jane?" he said helplessly.

"What do you mean, Bobby?" asked his

mother gently. "What is it to be *stumped* by a person?"

"Why, it's when a fellow says you can't do a thing and you say you can; and then you've got to do it, or else you're stumped, and all the other fellows jeer at you. I'm never stumped,—never!"

"But, Bobby, if it is something perfectly impossible?"

"Ah, if you think it's like that, why, you can ask the fellow that stumps you to do it himself; and if he can't do it that lets you out. But if he does it, you're bound to do it too. That's a *lead* stump, when he does it first; and it's a *dare* stump when he says you can't do it, and you say you can. I never take a lead stump, and I have n't taken a dare stump this year." His father looked at him severely.

"Well, I want you to understand, sir," he said, "that I'm not going to have you jumping off from oat-bins, and breaking your nose against carriage-poles. I don't want to hear any more of stumps, or such ridiculous performances!"

Bobby did n't answer. He looked much depressed.

After his father had left the table, his mother turned to him and said:

"Now, Bobby, did you hear what papa said?"

"Yes," he answered impetuously, "but, Mama, I can't. I can't be stumped. I have n't been stumped this year."

His mother looked at him thoughtfully.

"We can't have you running such risks, dear,

aster. There stood poor Bobby, fastened to the door, his jaws opened to their utmost capacity and clinched around the knob. They had just slipped over the smooth porcelain surface, and closed upon it. The knob seemed as firmly fastened in his mouth as one of his own teeth. It was nearly choking him, and the tears were streaming down his face.

Several boys stood near, offering advice and sympathy.

"I say, Bobby," said one, "I'm awful sorry I laughed at first, 'cause you looked so funny. I wish I'd never stumped you now."

His mother came near him. He cried afresh at the sight of her. He would have bawled, but the door-knob in his mouth prevented.

"Can't you get it out, Bobby?" she asked anxiously.

He tried to shake his head, but being fastened immovably, he could only

roll his eyes at her. It looked a little as if he must spend the rest of his life fastened on to that door.

"Can't we unscrew the knob?" suggested one of the boys.

"What'll he have to pull against then?" objected another with scorn.

This was true. Bobby with a door-knob in his mouth and nothing to pull it out by would certainly be in a worse fix than Bobby fastened to an entire door.

His mother said nothing, but seemed to be considering.

"Go up to the desk in my room, Georgie," she said, "and bring me down that big ivory paper-cutter. Not the little one, but that big, flat, white one. Now, Bobby," she added, kissing his forehead, as his mouth was otherwise engaged, "you must n't be frightened. If your mouth opened wide enough to get it in, we can get it out. Don't cry, and keep cool. One



"I GOT HURT," MUTTERED BOBBY."

and hurting yourself, perhaps for life. Come upstairs with me now, and I'll put some plaster on your nose; and you must try to be more careful."

Mr. Cameron was at his office, and Mrs. Cameron was in her own room, sewing, about the middle of the forenoon, when a little boy rushed in, breathless and excited.

He was a neighbor's child and Bobby's dearest friend. He was so frightened that he was quite pale, and his freckles stood out in bold relief, like spatters of mud.

"Oh, Mrs. Cameron!" he gasped, "come quick! Bobby's got the door-knob in his mouth, and he can't get it out!"

"The what?" she said, rising hurriedly.

"The door-knob of the play-room. George Nelson stumped him to put it in his mouth, and Bobby tried and tried, and at last he did, and now he can't get his mouth off!"

Mrs. Cameron hurried to the scene of the dis-

reason why you can't get it out is because you are nervous and frightened."

When Georgie brought her the paper-cutter, she put it in the corner of Bobby's mouth, so that she could pry with it against his teeth, and then, taking his chin in her other hand, she told him to open his mouth as wide as he possibly could, and she would help him.

After one or two unsuccessful trials, the knob slipped out, and Bobby was free.

The first words he said were: "There, George Nelson, I did it after all."

He spoke thickly, for his tongue was swollen and his jaws stiff.

"Bobby," said his mother, "you must come into the house with me now"; and they went in together, while the little group of boys disappeared, after examining the door-knob carefully, as if it were full of unusual interest.

Half an hour afterward, Bobby was lying on the sofa in his mother's room. There was a handkerchief, wet with some arnica, under his chin, and he looked somewhat pale and subdued.

His mother had some books in her lap. She looked at him lovingly, and passed her hand over his head once or twice before she spoke.

"Bobby," she said finally, "I've been thinking about this stumping business of yours, and I've concluded it's one of the greatest things in the world."

He looked at her in amazement. He had n't expected this.

"Yes," she said, "I don't think the world would ever have amounted to much, if it had n't been for the men who would n't be stumped."

"Why, Mama!" he said.

"It's true, Bobby. All the great generals were just men who would n't let their enemies stump them. Christopher Columbus would n't be stumped, when he started to discover America; no, not by poverty nor by the jeers of all Spain,—not even when his sailors mutinied and wanted to kill him. George Washington would n't be stumped, nor General Grant, nor Napoleon, nor any of those men that you like to have me read to you about. All the Arctic explorers, and the people who have gone into



"THERE STOOD BOBBY, FASTENED TO THE DOOR."

Africa, were men who would n't be stumped. Sometimes, Bobby, it is your life, and not another person, that stumps you. You want to do something, and it seems as if your life said to you, 'You can't.' But all the famous men,

all the men who have succeeded, were men who turned around to their lives and faced them, and said, 'I can.'"

There was a little silence. Bobby was alert and interested.

"I am going to read to you about two men who would n't be stumped. One was Winstanley, who built the Eddystone lighthouse, and the other was our own Sheridan, who won the battle of Winchester. And then I want to read to you about the sinking of the 'Cumberland,' and how she fired that last broadside, just as she was going down; I think that was so splendid."

Bobby nestled contentedly on the sofa. He loved to hear his mother read poetry. He told her once it was "just like the dribbling rain on the garret roof." It seemed a queer compliment, but she understood it, and thanked him.

He was very much interested that day, and his eyes were bright and shining when she had finished.

"Were those really all stumps, Mama?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes, dear," she said, smiling, "I think they were; and I want to read to you about some more—listen."

She took up some newspaper cuttings, and began:

"'Mose Putnam yesterday jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge. He had wagered one thousand dollars that he could do it. The jump was made at 3:30 p. m. Putnam was knocked senseless on striking the water, and instantly sank. His friends were beneath the bridge in a boat, and one of them promptly jumped in after him and succeeded in bringing him to the surface, and he was taken at once to the hospital. He is still unconscious, and it is not thought that he will recover.'

Bobby looked a little uncomfortable as his mother read this. It did not strike him as a very noble deed.

She read another:

"'There was a strange spectacle yesterday on Broadway, between Tenth and Twentieth streets. Mr. Harvey Johnson had laid a wager that he would wheel Mr. Sam Skeehan ten blocks on Broadway in a wheelbarrow, if Harrison were elected; and yesterday he fulfilled

his promise. Quite a crowd followed him. Mr. Skeehan is reported as enjoying his ride exceedingly.'"

"Oh, Mama, don't!" said Bobby softly.

She smiled, but read on.

"The contest between Mike Stevens and Paddy Hennessy as to who could eat the most oysters in a given time came off yesterday; and Hennessy, having disposed of three hundred and forty-five oysters in five minutes, was declared the winner.'

"Oh, Mama!" said Bobby again, "don't read any more like that. They seem so silly after those others."

"Bobby," she said slowly, "nobody could have looked sillier than you looked this morning, fastened to that door-knob."

Then they both laughed, but Bobby looked very much ashamed.

"It is n't always brave not to be stumped, is it?" he said, after a pause.

"No," she answered thoughtfully, "you see for yourself that it is n't."

"But, Mama, how can you tell? How can I tell,—with the boys, you know?"

"I was thinking of that," she said. "I don't quite know, dear. It will be hard to decide, but it seems to me that I would n't do a foolish thing just because I was stumped into it. It's good to be strong and quick and fleet. It's good to aim straight and to throw far. All stumps that make you run or jump or climb better I should say were worth taking, but not the foolish ones that only make you seem reckless and silly. Sam Patch, the jumper, was reckless, you know; do you think he was brave?"

Bobby did n't answer; he seemed to be thinking hard.

"Do you think it would be silly," he said, "to climb up on top of the cupola of the Gilman's barn?"

"Certainly I do," she answered promptly. "Why?"

"'Cause Joe Gilman stumped me to do it, and I was going to do that after the door-knob, you know; but I won't now."

His mother leaned over and kissed him, and wisely left to his own reflections the boy who would n't be stumped.



THE LONELY LIGHTHOUSE.

BY WILLIAM ABBATT.

How many of you have been inside a lighthouse? Some, of course, who live in seaports or in towns on the Great Lakes; but how about the boys and girls who live where there is no navigable water, and so ships and steamboats never come? Perhaps there are some people, too, who live near lighthouses but have never been inside of them; just as a young man from Philadelphia told me, this past summer, that though he had traveled a good deal in our own country, he had never been inside of either Girard College or the Mint in his own city!

Lighthouses, the dictionary says, are "towers or buildings with a powerful light at top, erected to serve as a guide to sailors." The earliest were built long, long ago. The oldest, probably, about which we know anything, was the *Pharos* (which is Greek for lighthouse) of Alexandria, in Egypt. It was one of the "seven wonders of the world." It was built about 285 b. c. As the world grew older and men grew wiser, more and better lighthouses were built, until now there are eight hundred in use in the United States alone. The first was erected on Little Brewster Island, at the entrance to Boston harbor, in 1716. Some are very large, some quite small, being a mere framework of heavy posts just big enough to hold the lantern. Such

are generally placed close to the water's edge, beside narrow channels, such as the entrance to Long Island Sound (the passage commonly called Hell Gate) at New York City.

Perhaps in size most of them are like that I visited last summer on Long Island Sound. It was built of brick, painted white outside and inside (as they usually are), and sixty feet high. Its shape was the first thing about it that looked queer, but you know the bees make the honey-cells six-sided, and scientific men tell us six-sided things have less waste room in them than square or round ones. So probably the Government Lighthouse Board was right in building it so, though to be sure many lighthouses are round. Most round ones are of iron.

The keeper lived in a nice brick house close to the tower, and also painted white. Unlocking the tower door, we began to climb the iron stair which winds round and round inside until your head swims. It was very dark (I don't remember any windows there). Up and up we went, quite slowly, the keeper leading. I saw him limp, and, when we stopped a moment for breath, I had a talk with him and found he was a Union veteran, one of the Eighth Connecticut, and had been wounded at Antietam. Up we went until the stairs seemed to run right up

against the ceiling; but the keeper pushed a bolt aside, stepped up one more step, and a flood of light came down upon us. He had opened an iron trap-door, and we went up through the opening. It was a tight fit, I tell you. I don't think it could have been more than eighteen inches square, and I could just squeeze through. I guess no ladies ever go up that lighthouse!

There we were at last, on the top, close to the lantern. I can't describe it scientifically, but it was a beauty. All of brass and thick plate glass, both wonderfully polished. In the center was the lamp, which holds two quarts of kerosene oil; but the light uses nearly four quarts every night, between sunset and sunrise. So, each night, at about midnight, the second lamp full of oil has to be set in place. Think of that, boys! Every night in the year, at midnight, that keeper has to get out of a warm bed, climb the long stairs, and change the lamp. It may be a cold winter night, the thermometer below zero, with a furious gale shaking the tower and driving the spray clear over the top. No matter; the lamp must be changed. Many lives on some passing vessel may depend upon that light's shining brightly at that particular time, and duty must be done at all times, if this world of ours is to be worth living in at all. I asked if he had any family to help him. "Yes, I have a son and daughter, and either will go up at night if I wish, but I like to do things myself generally, then I know they're well done." And just then I remembered the words that Longfellow makes Miles Standish use, "If you wish a thing well done, you must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others."

The lantern stands about two and a half feet high, on an iron pedestal as high, and has a clock-work attachment, run by a heavy weight, which hangs half-way down the tower, in a groove in the wall. The keeper puts in a big key and turns it once or twice. "Now watch," he says; and then slowly, very slowly, the whole lantern begins to move. "It turns around once in three minutes," he says, "and shows a flash each side for a quarter of a minute, once every half-minute. At that point to the southeast it shows red through that red pane there. That's what we call the red sector."

"Why does it?"

"There's a dangerous shoal in that direction." So now you will know what a "sector" is in a lighthouse.

There is room to walk around the lantern, but a man six feet high would have only two inches space above his tall hat! The sides of the tower here are thick panes of beautifully clear glass, almost half an inch thick; yet sometimes they are broken. By what, do you think? Why, by wild ducks and geese flying against them, dazzled by the light! Think of opening your back door in the early morning and finding a nice fat wild duck or two lying there dead (for the shock always kills them), ready for your breakfast. How extremely convenient,—if only one did not have to live in a lighthouse in order to get the duck! Most of us, I think, would prefer going to market for ducks, just as ordinary people must.

"One night last spring," says the keeper, "I saw a big white thing come bang against the glass and fall on the gallery." I forgot to say that a narrow gallery, with a railing, extends round the tower top, outside. "I opened this door," showing a little low iron door which I had not noticed, "and got it. It was quite dead; a sort of bird I had never seen before, very handsome. I thought it might be a rare one, so I just wrapped it up and sent it by express to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington for their collection. A while afterward I got a very nice letter about it, saying it was an Arctic owl and very rare so far south as this; in fact, only seen once before in fifty years. I'd like to go to Washington and see it there, stuffed; but I have n't been to Washington since I left the hospital there, about Christmas of 1862, and came back home, disabled."

The little room in which we are is very hot; the big panes of glass around it cannot be opened, and though there is a thick yellow shade to each one, I am almost faint with the heat.

So we go down again, through the little trap-door, into the dark tube of the tower, where our footfalls and voices ring hollow on the iron stairs and the cold white walls. How cool and refreshing it is after the stifling little top room! Down and around we go, till once more the bottom is reached and we step outside on the

grass again. To the west, north, and south is the broad expanse of Long Island Sound, dotted with sailing vessels of all sorts and sizes, and from the south is coming up a big white steamboat. The sun will set in half an hour, and then the lantern must be lighted. The rules of the Lighthouse Board at Washington are very clear on this point. "Light it at sunset, put it out at sunrise," they say, in effect. No matter what the weather,—hot or cold, rain, wind, snow, sleet, ice all over, or the thermometer hot enough to scorch you,—the light must be lighted and be extinguished regularly. "How many years have you been here?" I ask the keeper. "I was appointed in 1863." So for twenty-nine years this man has kept the light burning in this tower—

a lonely spot in winter, seven miles from the railroad on one side, two miles and a half of water in front of him on the other side, north and south nothing but water as far as the eye can reach. How many lives during those long years may have depended on his faithful doing of his duty, day by day! Does he have anything to read? Yes, he shows me a box of books, twenty-five or so, and says twice a year he gets a change, when the Government steamer brings a box and takes away the old one, to be sent to some other lighthouse.

I shake hands with him, and go away. Reaching the road, I turn and look back. As I do so, a light shines out from the tower, and by that I know my friend has once more lighted



CHANGING THE LAMP AT MIDNIGHT.

the lantern, one more time in the twenty-nine years of work. How many more like him there are at this moment, tending their lanterns all along the coast from Maine to Florida, each a plain man, unknown to fame, just doing his duty in a quiet, monotonous existence! But do you know, boys and girls, I often think of them, and particularly of this one I met, with a great deal of respect? They are not distinguished or learned men, but they are men who are faithful to their trust, men on whom a great deal depends, and who are doing well their duty. And, as Mr. Whittier has said of steadfast Abraham Davenport:

Simple duty hath no place for fear.

A STORY OF OLD SPAIN



BY TUDOR JENKS.

WITHIN Fort Xalabania
Played Yusef, the throne's heir,
At chess with the Alcayde,
Who held him prisoner there.
They leaned on silken cushions
Brodered with golden thread,
And warred in mimic battle,
While not a word was said;
Until the flushed Alcayde
A moment scanned the board,
Then cried, "Your king 's beleaguered;
The game is mine, my lord!"
But Yusef, shrewdly smiling,
Declared, "'T is not yet won—
The game is never over
Until the play is done."

"But see, there 's no escaping,"
Replied the Alcayde then;
"You 've lost a rook, a knight, a pawn,
And now a rook again!"
Low laughed the shrewd Alcayde,
And moved his valiant queen.
"A mate," he cried, "in three more moves,
Whate'er may intervene!"
Just then a messenger arrived
In haste, and from the King.
"Read, read, my lord Alcayde,
For tidings sore I bring!"
He seized the royal mandate,
And broke the scarlet seal.
He read and paled with horror,
Nor could his grief conceal.

"Oh, well-belovèd Yusef,"
 He gasped, "put by thy chess!
 For here are cruel words indeed,
 Of deepest bitterness!"
 "Nay, nay!" spake kindly Yusef,
 "Let me thy trouble share."

It ran: "High-born Alcayde,
 When this thy warrant 's read,
 Slay me my brother Yusef,
 And send the traitor's head."
 Then turning to the messenger,
 Said Yusef: "I must die."



"FOR HERE ARE CRUEL WORDS INDEED, OF DEEPEST BITTERNESS."

The things that never happen
 The hardest are to bear!
 The King has sent his warrant
 To slay me? Be it so.
 Come, let me see the letter,
 That I the worst may know."

I ask but proper respite
 To bid my friends good-by."
 "Delay," the messenger replied,
 "Lies not within my power.
 I can but do the King's command:
 You die within the hour!"

"T is well," said tranquil Yusef.
 "Until the hour is done
 The time is mine. On with the game,
 Till it be lost or won."
 But now the poor Alcayde
 In vain his skill he tries,
 He cannot see the pieces,
 For tears so dim his eyes.
 "Checkmate!" at last cries Yusef.

And when before the headsman
 The youthful Prince was placed,
 Behold! another messenger
 Came riding in hot haste.
 "Put by the sword! and harken
 Unto the news I bring:
 The King Muhammad is no more!—
 Long live Yusef, our King!"
 Up sprang the smiling Yusef,



"BEHOLD! ANOTHER MESSENGER CAME RIDING IN HOT HASTE."

"Although 't was well begun,
 The game is never over
 Until the play is done!"

"Alas!" sighed the Alcayde,
 "I fear our games are o'er!"
 "Hope on," said Yusef calmly,
 "There are five minutes more."

While all his courtiers bow.
 "And am I king?" he gravely asks.
 "What says the Alcayde now?
 Alcayde! night ne'er cometh
 Before the set of sun;
 The game is never over
 Until the play is done!"

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"THEN RODE THEY TO GRENADA."

Then rode they to Grenada,
O'er ways all flower-spread,—
A cavalcade of banners,
King Yusef at its head.

"Ah!" said the sly Alcayde,
"Your reign has well begun;
But still—the game 's not over
Until the play is done!"

A VISIT FROM HELEN KELLER.

BY ADELINE G. PERRY.

I SHOULD like to tell you about a visit we have just received from Helen Keller, the little blind girl and deaf-mute. You, doubtless, know something of her story*—how, when she was eighteen months old, she was very, very ill, and when at last the slow recovery came, her parents were horrified to find that she had become perfectly deaf and also blind. For nearly seven years these poor parents had no means of communication with their little girl or she with them. When Helen was seven, five years ago, Mr. Keller wrote to the Perkins Institute

* See ST. NICHOLAS for September, 1889.

for the Blind, in Boston, asking that a teacher might be sent to them in northern Alabama. Miss Sullivan, who at one time had been perfectly blind, and who had taken the course at the Institute, was sent to the Kellers, and remained for two years, teaching Helen and her family how to communicate with one another by means of the manual for the deaf and dumb.

It was then deemed best for Helen to go to the Institute, since she could advance more rapidly there. She has now been there three years, under the charge of Miss Sullivan the entire time.

Once a year she goes home to Alabama for a visit, always accompanied by her dear friend and teacher.

When our principal informed us of Helen's prospective visit, we all were pleased; but still the thought came that it would be very difficult to talk with her, and also a pitiful and rather trying experience to see a person in such a sad condition. We are now very thankful that the opportunity was given us to meet this wonderful child.

Helen came one afternoon with Miss Sullivan and Miss Marrett, another teacher in the school, and also one of our graduates.

In the evening the students were all invited into the drawing-room to meet the visitors and to see what wonders have been done for this once helpless child. She stood with her arm about Miss Sullivan's neck, a tall child for her age, with a very bright and smiling face.

As the different girls came up to meet her, Miss Sullivan repeated their names to Helen by means of the deaf-and-dumb alphabet, and Helen spoke to them.

You ask how can that be?

One of the most marvelous things of all is, that she has learned to articulate. Think of it! She has *never* heard a human voice in her life. Of course, her articulation is very imperfect; but when she speaks slowly, one can understand quite well what she says. Her teachers think that in a year or two her utterance will be perfectly distinct. Her voice is necessarily peculiar, and listening to its monotonous tones, one can better appreciate how important hearing is to modulation and expression.

About thirty girls were introduced to her,

for each of whom she had a pleasant word. I think in no one case did she forget a name.

She felt of the faces, hair, and dress, learning each feature, while every personal peculiarity seemed firmly fixed in her mind.

Some of the girls told her they had recently been to Concord and Lexington, whereupon Helen began to describe her visit there. She spoke of the hills about Concord looking like "beautiful clouds"; and said that the "bending trees were there, the folding ferns among the grass, and the fairies and wood-elves whispering among the violets."

She said she visited the Alcotts' house, and could well imagine "Jo, sitting by the window, writing; Amy, near by, drawing; and sweet Beth sewing; while Meg and Mr. Brooke were merrily chatting together."

Some one mentioned "The Minute-Man," Mr. French's statue, marking the famous battle-ground at Concord; and Helen cried eagerly, "Yes! and 'fired the shot heard round the world!'" quoting from Emerson's beautiful ode, the first lines of which have been inscribed upon the pedestal of the statue:

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world!

Soon she added, "Is n't it dreadful for men to kill each other? But I think it is good not to be afraid of death, and to be ready to fight for one's country. My father would n't be afraid to die; he fought in the Rebellion."

Helen is a rather pretty child, and has perfect manners. She is very affectionate, and seems devotedly attached to Miss Sullivan. Every few minutes she would caress her, with a loving smile; and she seems to have a similar affection for all her friends. She has great tact, and has that innate refinement of word and action which it is so delightful to see.

She has been doing a beautiful work of charity. She owned a fine mastiff last winter, which died, and the loss made her quite sad. Some friends raised three hundred dollars, and sent it to her as a gift with which to buy another dog. In the mean time Helen heard of a boy, five years old, Tommy Strenger, who also was blind

and deaf. Her tender sympathy was aroused, and she immediately decided to use her money for Tommy's needs. But the yearly expense for one person at the Institute is more than twice as much money as Helen had. Quite confident of success, the little girl wrote letters to nine newspapers, each differently expressed, stating Tommy's needs. As a consequence many subscriptions were sent to Helen, and Tommy has now been an inmate of the asylum for a year or more.

In telling us of Tommy, she said, "When he was a little baby, his dear mama died and then he was sick, and the light went out of his eyes, and the hearing from his ears. Now he has come to be educated. And by and by," she added, "when he knows more words, he will understand what a wonderful thing language is, and how education brings music and love to body and soul." It is difficult to realize that such words are from the lips of a child not then twelve years old.

The next morning Helen was taken up into the cast-room. She was led first to the cast of Niobe, and allowed to pass her fingers over the face. She knows a few pieces of sculpture, but this was quite new to her, and she had never heard the pitiful story of the poor mother robbed of her little ones.

Passing her hands softly over the features, she said, "She is a woman"; and then, quite low, "She looks sad." The young Nero's bust was shown, and she said, "He is young and pretty."

"Do you know anything about Nero?" asked one of the girls. "Oh, yes," she replied quickly. "He was a king of Rome." After this the head of Nero as an old man was shown her. She looked grave while touching his face, and said slowly, "He is changed. The nose is the same, but he is so proud," and she pursed up her lips in imitation of his.

A little baby's image pleased her very much, and she murmured softly to herself while caressing the round face and chubby limbs; then, looking up with a sweet smile, repeated some verses describing a child.

Dante's cast interested her exceedingly. She did not know anything about him, except that he was a poet. When she was told that he was

a patriot, exiled from home and a wanderer for many years, she said thoughtfully, "He loved Italy." We next took her into the art-room, and showed her some of the articles used for studies in still-life.

She was especially pleased with an old spinning-wheel; and the instant her fingers touched the flax, she cried, "Flax! It is blue!" Her teacher hastened to tell her that it is only the flower that is blue, and that flax itself is white. Helen quickly began:

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day.

"Yes," said Miss Sullivan; "the poet referred to the flowers."

She was delighted with a tambourine, and wished to know how it was used. She was sorry to lay it aside. Of course she cannot hear a sound from musical instruments, but the vibrations please her wonderfully, and she is very fond of music. One of the girls played to her upon the piano, and it was a pretty sight to watch the changes of light in her face. She could scarcely keep quiet to listen; and when the "Skirt Dance" was played her hands and feet kept time constantly to the music. She afterward sat down herself and played a simple exercise which she had learned.

She held quite a little reception later in the day, and many people from town came in to see her—professors and their wives, and many children of her own age. Helen asked the latter such pointed questions that they were often at a loss to reply, and appealed to their mothers for help. To one little boy she said, "What is your favorite city?" The little boy looked perplexed, and finally, anxious to make a reply, said, "Boston." "Mine are Venice and Florence," said Helen, "among those I have read of. My own home I love best of all." When Professor Coy was introduced, she remarked naïvely, "I have heard of coy maidens, but not of men." With a French gentleman she spoke a few words in French, and then added, "I think Paris is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. The French are very gay, are they not?" "Yes, too gay sometimes," he replied. "Oh," she said, "some day I want to know French." "We will speak it together the next time we meet,"

Dear St. Nicholas:

It gives me very great pleasure to send you my autograph because I want the boys and girls who read St. Nicholas to know how blind children write. I suppose some of them wonder how we keep the lines straight so I will try to tell them how it is done. We have a grooved board which we put between the pages when we wish to write. The parallel grooves correspond to lines and when we have pressed the paper into them by means of the blunt end of the pencil it is very easy to keep the words even. The small letters are all made in the grooves, while the long ones extend above and below them. We guide the pencil with the right hand, and feel carefully with the soft finger of the left hand to see that we shape and space the letters correctly. It is very difficult at first to form them plainly but if we keep on trying it gradually becomes easier, and after a great deal of practice we can write legible letters to our friends. Then we are very, very happy. Some time they may visit a school for the blind. If they do I am sure they will wish to see the pupils write.

Very sincerely your little friend

Helen Keller.

he answered as he shook hands with her, and she smiled a bright reply.

Thus, for each one she had some cordial word of greeting.

"My favorite study is geography," she remarked, "because then I can learn all about the world and its different countries."

Some one gave her a "Jack-in-the-pulpit," and inquired, "Does he preach?" "Oh, yes," she answered. "He preaches to all the other flowers, but he is not so large as dear Dr. Brooks"—referring to Phillips Brooks, who is one of her staunch friends. "Yes, I love to play," she replied to a question from a little girl; "but I like best to study; and I love poetry. Who is your favorite poet? Mine is Holmes." Mr. Holmes is a personal friend of hers, and she also knows Mr. Whittier and has visited him. Helen's is a poetical nature, and with her strong imagination and quick mind her language is often beautiful and full of pretty metaphors and similes.

A purse was made up for Tommy, which delighted her very much.

In the afternoon we all gathered in the chapel, and heard from Miss Marrett something about the system of teaching in the asylum. In speaking of the library, she alluded to Dickens's works. Helen, reading the words by the medium of Miss Sullivan's fingers, bent forward eagerly and asked, "How does Dickens write?"

None of us could say, and

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after a few moments' waiting she told us, her face aglow with fun, "All of er Twist!"

When Miss Marrett finished, Helen told Miss Sullivan, "I would like to speak to the young ladies." She was led to the desk, and spoke with self-possession somewhat like this:

beautiful world, and his goodness is written all over the walls of nature. I hope, when you come to Boston, you will come to our school and see us there, and meet Tommy. We shall be very glad to see you. Good-by."

It was inexpressibly touching to see the little



HELEN KELLER.

"Dear friends of Andover, I want to thank you for my pleasant visit here, which I shall never forget; and my mother will be so very happy when she hears how kind you have been to me. Thank you, too, so much, for your kind gift to Tommy; he will be so glad. I think our kind Heavenly Father has given us a

blind girl, to hear her simple words. She had never seen this "beautiful world," and yet found so much in it to love and to enjoy.

Though we had always thought of little Helen with the greatest pity, we shall ever remember her as one of the happiest and most blessed of children.

TWO GIRLS AND A BOY.

BY LIEUT. R. H. FLETCHER.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

CHAPTER XIII:

"MILDRED, are you ready, dear?" said her mother, coming into her room with her bonnet on.

The night of the party had arrived, and Mildred, attended by Eliza, stood in front of the mirror, looking at herself.

"Come now, little Miss Vanity," continued her mother, smiling, as she turned Mildred away from the glass, "let me see."

And Mildred, drawing back a little, laughed and blushed, and said, "Am I all right, Mama?"

"Yes," said her mother, putting her hand under Mildred's chin to raise the bright little face; "I think that you will do."

"She looks real cute, Mis' Fairleigh, don't she?" said Eliza, standing back to get a good view of the result of her work.

And indeed Mildred did look "cute." She wore a gown made of some soft, flowered material, very short-waisted and falling straight to her feet; short, puffed sleeves on the shoulders showed her dimpled arms, while a snowy lawn kerchief was folded across her breast. On her feet were red-heeled sandal slippers with the silk ties crisscrossed over her gold-clock'd stockings, and on her head was a cap of white muslin with an edge of dainty lace framing her dark curly hair and pretty face. While her mother and Eliza were looking at her, a slow, heavy step was heard on the stairs, and a familiar voice said, "Can I come in, honey?"

"Yes, come in," cried Mildred.

Then Amanda appeared, very much out of breath from having climbed the stairs to see her favorite dressed for "play-actin'." "G'way f'om yere, chile!" she exclaimed, settling her spectacles as she looked at Mildred's quaint little figure. And throwing out her hands, she con-

tinued, "Um, um! Ef you ain' de livin' image o' dat pictur' down-sta'rs, I's a sinner! How come you make yo'self look like dat? I don' know, though; you look a heap like yo'ma, too, when she was a li'l gell. Ain' dat so, Miss Mary?"

"Do I, Mama?" said Mildred.

"Yes, perhaps you do, a little bit," said her mother, with a sweet, grave smile that sometimes came into her face, as if her thoughts were half pleasant and half sad, and altogether far away.

"I'm so glad," said Mildred.

"Are you, dear?" replied her mother. "Come, now, it is time for us to go."

And, followed by the admiring servants, Mildred accompanied her mother down-stairs to the library, where her father was reading.

Major Fairleigh was not going with them, because he was not well enough to go out at night. In fact, Mildred's papa had been ill more than usual lately, and was looking far from well these days. His closely cut brown hair was turning gray at the temples, as was his curling brown mustache and pointed beard. His face was thin and pale; and whenever he arose from his chair he had to be assisted, and his crutches must be handed to him. In spite of all this, however, Major Fairleigh was still a distinguished-looking gentleman.

Before she entered the parlor Mildred whispered playfully to her mother, "Let me knock at the door." And when in answer to the knock her father replied, "Come in!" Mildred went in very softly until she got in front of him, and then as he looked up she took her dress in each hand and made him a very deep, old-fashioned courtesy.

"Well, upon my word!" said her father, putting a paper-knife in his book and laying it upon the table beside him. "So it is you, is it, little Grandmama?"

And Mildred laughed, and came and stood at his knees to be inspected.

"I wish you were going with us, Papa," she said.

"I wish so too," said her father; "I should like to see the play. But as I can't, you will have to tell me all about it when you come home."

Then Eliza came to the door to say that the carriage was waiting. This was a hired vehicle, the driver of which was Eliza's husband. And as he stood there in the light of his own flashing lamps, it was evident that Eliza's husband had put on his best hat with a cockade on it, and his coachman's overcoat with its half dozen capes, to do honor to the occasion. As the door banged to, and they started off in fine style, Mildred wished that Leslie's house might have been farther away, it was so pleasant to be rumbling along the streets at night in a carriage. But in a few moments they had stopped, the door was opened, there was a little run up the steps, a glare of light, a rush of warm, perfumed air, the sound of many young voices, and then, following a servant through the hallway, Mildred presently found herself in an up-stairs room where they were to leave their wraps.

Here Leslie instantly joined them, in great excitement. "Oh, Dreddy," she exclaimed, "I'm so glad you've come. I was *so* afraid you might be late!" And then, as the maid removed Mildred's cloak, she cried, "Oh, my! How lovely you look! How do you think I look?"

"You look lovely, too," said Mildred.

And Leslie's old-fashioned frock, made like Mildred's, except that it was plain blue, was really very becoming to her. But, scarcely pausing to hear Mildred's opinion of her costume, Leslie rattled on: "Oh, say,—would you believe it?—pa's sent a real drummer to the house, with a regular army drum. He knows the commanding officer over at Fort Meyer, and he let him come. And he's going to drum at that part where you hear the soldiers coming—don't you remember? Won't that be nice! And—and the ice-cream has n't come, and ma! she's just worried to death about it. Did you see Carrie Wilkins when you came up?"

"No," said Mildred, "I came right up-stairs. I did n't see anybody."

"Well," said Leslie, "Carrie Wilkins has got on a white silk dress and real pearl ear-rings; her father gave them to her on her birthday. And Mabel Jones—"

But then there was a rapping on the door, and Charlie's voice was heard calling out, "Leslie!"

"What is it?" said Leslie, dancing over to the door.

"Is Mildred in there?" said Charlie.

"Yes," said Leslie.

"Tell her to hurry," said Charlie; "we're all ready."

"All right," said Mildred, speaking for herself, "I'll be there in a minute. Come, Mama, they are all ready to begin."

And the color in Mildred's cheeks deepened, and her eyes sparkled. She felt a little afraid again at the thought of facing that roomful of children and grown people, whose voices could be heard in a subdued murmur as they went down-stairs.

Of course Mildred and Leslie and the others who took part in the play were not to show themselves until they appeared upon the stage. But the desire of the children in the parlor to see their costumes, and the desire of the actors to display them, had resulted in many little private exhibitions. But Mildred, entering into the spirit of the theatricals, insisted upon going down the back stairs, so as to take no chances of being discovered.

The play was to be given in the back parlor, which was shut off from the front parlor by folding doors. The hall also was curtained off. The back parlor had two doors, one opening into the screened hall, and another into a rear room, which Charlie called the greenroom. It was here that Mildred, accompanied by her mother, took refuge. When they opened the door there was a babel of voices all talking at once. There was Will Baily, with his face blacked, "cutting up like everything," as Leslie expressed it. There was the boy who played old "Mr. Smith," dressed in a snuff-colored suit of small-clothes, a white wig and spectacles, and an ebony cane swinging from his wrist by a cord. He was standing up very straight for

an old man, and seemed to be rather at a loss what to do with his hands. There was his son, "Captain Smith, of the British army," disguised in a red wig and beard, and rough clothes; a costume which, as the other boys thought it was comical, he helped out by talking in Irish brogue, and trying to be as funny as Will Baily. These two were "showing off" for the benefit of several other boys who had no business behind the scenes, but who had slipped in to see what was going on. Then there were the "Continental Major" and the two soldiers.

"General Washington" had stepped out somewhere to see about some detail.

Leslie took Mildred through this rabble into the back parlor to show her "the stage"; and while Mildred was looking around at the arrangements, Leslie opened a crack in the folding doors and peeped through. Then, as a child on the other side cried out, "I see somebody!" she hastily shut them again. Screens had been placed in front of the hall door and greenroom door, leading on to the stage, so as to hide these exits from the view of the audience. The old-fashioned furniture and the spinning-wheel were there; and the real drummer was in the hall in charge of the thunder and lightning. In fact, everything seemed to be ready, and the audience on the other side of the folding doors began to show signs of impatience. Mildred, very much excited, went back into the greenroom to look for Charlie and to ask him if they ought not to begin. She found both Charlie and his father there, the Captain having come in on the same errand as Mildred.

"Come, now, Charlie," he said; "every one is tired of waiting. It is time that you were showing us what you can do."

"All right, sir," said Charlie; "we are going to begin right now." And he clapped his hands, and called out, "Stop talking, everybody, and listen to me! All of you who are not going to act must go out! Come, Dick, Arthur, hurry up! That's right. Thank you. Now, then," he said to the others, as he closed and locked the door on the last lingering intruder, "remember that there must be no more laughing and talking in the greenroom, because when the stage is open they can hear you out front. You must listen to what is going on on

the stage, so as to get your cues. And understand," he continued, looking at Will Baily and the boy in the red wig, "this is business. We are not doing this for our own fun, but to show the audience that we can act. So, now, don't let's have any more of this foolishness, but let everybody try to do their best."

Mildred was greatly pleased by this little display of authority on Charlie's part. From the behavior of the others she had begun to fear that the theatricals would be a silly failure, and the actors a laughing-stock for the audience. As Mildred had a great deal of personal dignity, she did not like to be laughed at, and she was growing indignant with the others, especially Master Baily and the British Captain, for their frivolous conduct. But this little speech of Charlie's immediately had a good effect. They all became quiet, and some began to read over their parts for the last time. Mildred was still further delighted when Charlie, suddenly snapping his fingers, exclaimed, "My goodness! I'd forgotten the prompter!" and, turning to her mother, said, "Mrs. Fairleigh, won't you help a fellow out? You'll be just the one if you'll only do it. I'll put a chair there inside the screen by the hall door, where you can see everything, and here's the whole play written out for you to prompt from."

"Oh, yes, Mama, do!" cried Mildred.

"Certainly I will, Charlie, if you want me to," said Mrs. Fairleigh. "Where shall I sit? Here?"

"Yes 'm, if you please," said Charlie.

And Mildred felt completely satisfied now that the play could not be a failure. Armed with the silver bell from the dinner-table to give the signal for opening and closing the doors (which work was performed by two boys who were instructed to keep out of sight), Mrs. Fairleigh took her seat.

"Now, then, we're all ready!" said Charlie. "Frances" (this was Mildred), "take your seat at the wheel. Mr. Smith, take your place in the chair, please, and open that book on the table. Now, then—"

Here there was a knock on the greenroom door, and Mrs. Morton's voice was heard inquiring, "Are n't you nearly ready, Charlie?"

"Yes, Ma, yes," cried Charlie.

Then came a little stamping of feet and clapping of hands from the impatient audience in the parlor.

"Now, then," cried Charlie, hurriedly, "Sarah" (this to Leslie), "stand here, looking out of the window." The window had been made in the screen that stood in the front of the door leading into the hall, where the thunder and lightning were stationed. "Clear the stage!" cried Charlie. "All ready! Strike one bell, please, Mrs. Fairleigh. That's for pa to turn down the gas in the parlor," he explained in a whisper as he joined the prompter, behind the screen. And as soon as the bell was rung the noise in front stopped instantly. A second bell was rung, and the folding doors rolled back.

Mildred felt herself grow pale with alarm. She would have liked to have run away. She dared not lift her eyes to meet the gaze of all those other eyes fastened upon her. With her foot upon the treadle, she kept the spinning-wheel revolving rapidly, and bent her head over the flax upon her distaff. The audience applauded and then became silent and attentive. Leslie had to make the first speech, and Mildred thought that she was a very long time making it. Yes, she certainly was a long time saying it. Was anything the matter? The next moment Mildred heard her mother's voice from behind the screen, very low but very distinct, telling Leslie her words. Still no sound from Leslie. The audience began to whisper and move, and some one tittered. Mildred was growing very nervous. At last she gained courage enough to raise her head and steal a glance at her companion. To her dismay she found that Leslie still kept her back to the audience, while her shoulders were shaking very suspiciously. Then in an instant Mildred understood it all. The unfortunate "Sarah" was laughing—laughing so that she could not say her lines. Something had to be done, and in sudden desperation, not knowing whether she was doing right or wrong, Mildred herself began speaking Leslie's words.

"How dark it is to-night! It looks as if a storm was brewing." And then, continuing, she uttered her own speech, "Oh, I hope not. Just think of the poor soldiers who have to sleep

upon the ground without a roof to shelter them!"

Frightened at the sound of her voice, at first Mildred had faltered; but as she proceeded she gained confidence, and when at last she had finished, old "Mr. Smith" took up the conversation quite naturally: "Alas! yes, my daughter. Think of your poor brother Henry, who is fighting for his king by the side of the British soldiers. Pray heaven, he may be safe in camp to-night!" Then Mildred all at once felt a perfect ease and self-possession coming over her, as pleasant as it was unexpected.

It seemed to her that she really was "Frances Smith," and that it was her father sitting over there, and this their home; and anxiety for her soldier brother became the uppermost emotion in her breast. She forgot about the audience, and was only dimly aware of Charlie's whispering from behind the screen to Leslie, "Don't make a goose of yourself, Miss, and spoil it all!"

But by this time Leslie was facing the audience, no longer laughing, but with a rosy color in her cheeks and a very determined look in her eyes. She made her next speech without a falter. Evidently the worst was over. The dialogue went on without a hitch. Mildred, busying herself with her spinning, had quite forgotten about the calcium lightning; and when it suddenly flared through the window she was really startled and half arose from her seat. Then followed the crash of the thunder on the gong, and the swish of the rain as the peas rattled down into the box. At all of which the audience applauded enthusiastically. When, in reply to the knocking at the door, black "Cæsar" made his appearance, every one laughed—he looked so comical. But when "Mr. Harper" came in, with his military cloak and three-cornered hat dripping with rain, he received round after round of applause.

Mildred herself would have liked to have applauded Charlie,—he looked so stately and dignified. Handing his wet garments to "Cæsar," he made a bow to the ladies that would have warmed old Amanda's heart if she could have seen it. Surely a tea-tray could have been set upon *his* back! And Mildred and Leslie performed their courtesies in return in a way that Mistress Barbara herself might have envied.

At last "Mr. Harper" retired and "Captain Smith" threw off his disguise. This produced a sensation, and the doors were closed upon the first act in a storm of applause.

CHAPTER XIV.

BEHIND the scenes all was excitement. Charlie appeared jubilant. He declared that they had won a great success. And then, to Mildred's surprise, he said, "We've got Mildred to thank for that! I thought for a moment, when Les got to laughing, that the whole business was gone up! You did splendidly, Mildred! But I knew you would," he added.

Mildred blushed with pleasure at this praise, and began to explain earnestly, "I didn't know whether I ought to say Leslie's part then or not. But I thought that somebody ought to do something, right away; and so I just did it."

"I'm mighty glad you did," said Charlie; "it saved the play. And the way you jumped when the lightning went off was fine."

Mildred was going to explain how this had happened also, when she felt her mother's hand laid gently upon her shoulder. "I think," said Mrs. Fairleigh, "that every one did remarkably well. Leslie's self-control in overcoming her desire to laugh and going on with her part was excellent. Indeed, my dear," she continued to Leslie, who was standing behind Charlie a little distance away, "I think you ought to be very proud of yourself."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mildred eagerly, with a sudden feeling of self-reproach, "did n't she do well, Mama? She did better than I did, a great deal better."

"I think she did mighty well, too," said Charlie, hurriedly, turning around to Leslie.

But Leslie did not seem very happy at this praise. She looked at her brother a moment, and said, "You need not have been so cross with me!" And then went away with some of her girl friends who had slipped behind the scenes to talk over the play.

Indeed, the room was fast filling up with the audience and actors, all talking at once. "Say, how did I do?" "Was n't Mildred splendid!" "How did I look?" "Was n't the lightning good!" "He's a real soldier." "Yes, I saw

his drum. He's going to play on it in the next act." Then Charlie, having by this time somewhat recovered from his excitement, clapped his hands to attract attention and called out: "Everybody please go back into the parlor now; we're going to begin." And the room was cleared.

Mildred had been looking for Leslie. She wanted to say something pleasant to her, and have Leslie tell her that she did not mind about her having said her lines. But Leslie did not come back until the folding doors were ready to be opened.

The furniture had been moved out into the hall, and the clothes-horse representing the brick wall had been set up, and the plants placed around for the garden scene. "General Washington" and "Frances" were the first to appear, and began the act very smoothly. In fact, all went well until that point was reached where the drums of the advancing American troops were heard, at first very soft and seemingly at a great distance, and then growing louder and louder. This effect the audience applauded with great delight. "Sarah" now picks up her brother's wig and beard, which he has cast aside, and begs him to fly; while "Caesar," with popping eyes, rushes in and exclaims, "Golly! Massa Henry, you better run away. De sojers is a-comin'!" Then the young Captain says: "My good fellow, you know not what you are talking about. A British officer never runs away." At least that is what he should have said. But, unfortunately, in the excitement of the moment the gallant Captain forgot his lines. He got as far as "my good fellow," and there he stuck fast. Twice he repeated this, looking anxiously around. Mrs. Fairleigh from behind the screen prompted him once, but the Captain, being confused, did not hear her, and only looked helplessly in her direction. Again she repeated the lines, a little louder, and the audience began to smile. A third time the prompter spoke them, so loud that every one heard them, whereupon a mischievous boy in the back part of the parlor put his hand to his mouth and called out in a very loud whisper,

A—British—officer—never—runs—away!" At which there was a shout of laughter. And when the unhappy Captain obediently repeated

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the words, there was another peal. This was hardly subdued when, at the close of the act, the Captain, disappearing, reappears a prisoner in the hands of the "Continental Major"; and "Sarah," having to go down on her knees before him in a wild appeal, found that she was quite unable to keep her face straight. Whereupon the stage-manager hurried the signal for closing the doors, while the applause which followed was mixed with a good deal of merriment.

For a few minutes Charlie was bitterly vexed, but remembering a hint that his father had given him in the early part of the evening, about not losing his temper over such mishaps, he not only controlled himself and listened good-naturedly to the mortified Captain's eager explanation of how it had all happened, but laughed with the others, and declared that after all it did not matter. For which little display of manliness he was rewarded by an approving look from Mrs. Fairleigh and by afterward overhearing the poor Captain say, "Charlie is a regular brick not to get mad."

The only slip that occurred in the last act was that the drummer, forgetting that he was in a private parlor, drummed so loudly when the American reinforcements were arriving that the voices of the actors could not be heard. This, however, could scarcely be called a misfortune, because the boys in the audience thought the *rat-a-plan-plan* so fine that they cheered the drummer. Then when "Mr. Harper" came on and, casting aside his old cloak, declared himself to be General Washington, there was another round of applause. And finally, when "Frances" threw herself at the General's feet and begged for her brother's life, the audience was excited to a high pitch of enthusiasm. So much so, indeed, that when the doors closed on the final tableau, they had to be reopened to allow the actors to acknowledge the continued applause. And thus the theatricals came to an end with great success.

A little later the stage was cleared away, and those who had taken part in the play joined their friends in the parlor and received praise enough to satisfy them all. It was somewhat bewildering to Mildred to leave the last century, as it were, and come back to the present; especially when she was surrounded by so many

people complimenting her for her acting. She scarcely knew what to say or do. She never had been praised so much before. She found it very delightful to be told how pretty she had looked and how well she had performed her part. The only drawback to her gratification was the thought that perhaps Leslie was offended with her. But when the dancing began, and Charlie, quite gallant in his uniform, came to lead her out, she soon ceased to think about the possibility of this. Then, too, all the boys, one after another, came up and wanted to dance with her, which was very pleasant. In fact, when late in the evening Charlie once more appeared to claim the last dance before supper, Mildred was as happy as she could possibly be.

Now it so happened that in this dance, which was a quadrille, Mildred stood at the end of the room near a little group of girls talking among themselves. And in one of the figures where her partner had to advance alone, leaving her standing in her place, Mildred heard her name mentioned. She could not help hearing what followed. "Did you ever see anything like the way she is carrying on?" said one of the girls. "She won't give them a chance to dance with any of the other girls." "Oh, but that's not anything," said Carrie Wilkins, "to what she did in the play!" "What did she do?" chorused the others. "Well, you know," said Carrie, "in the first scene, when it was Leslie's turn to speak, Mildred was so afraid that people would n't notice her that she took Leslie's words right away from her and said them herself." "Did you ever!" exclaimed the others, in various tones of surprise and blame. Then one of the girls said, "Hush! She'll hear you, she's standing right there." "I don't care," said Carrie; "listeners never hear good of themselves, anyway."

Now, at the very first remark Mildred felt the blood rush into her face hotly and then recede, leaving her quite pale. At first she thought such things could not be said of her in earnest, that the girls were only trying to tease her; but the next moment she could no longer doubt their seriousness. Then she was about to turn on her accuser and deny the unkind statement. But as quickly she shrank from the rude scene that this was likely to create.

When, however, the last remark was uttered, Mildred felt that she could no longer stand there and listen, so turning around she said, as quietly as her trembling voice would allow, "I did hear what you said; and it is not true."

As she spoke the other girls immediately became embarrassed; but Carrie giggled, and then tossing her head said, "Well, Leslie said you did, at any rate."

This unexpected statement overwhelmed poor Mildred, who simply stared at Carrie, unable to reply. Had Leslie really said this of her? Then she heard Charlie's voice at her ear, saying, "What's the matter?" and turning around she found that she was delaying the dance. "What's the matter?" repeated Charlie, looking at her curiously. "What makes you so pale?"

Mildred, striving to keep the tears from her eyes, said, "Oh, nothing; I don't feel very well." She would like to have gone directly to her mother, but some spirit within her prompted her not to let Carrie Wilkins and the others see how much she was hurt, and she finished the rest of the dance, holding her head up proudly. And when the music changed into a march, and every one moved into the supper-room, Mildred accompanied Charlie, trying to talk and be like herself in order that he might not know what had happened. She made a pretense of eating, just to satisfy him; but as soon as she could she made her escape and sought her mother.

"You are tired, dear," said Mrs. Fairleigh, looking anxiously into Mildred's face.

"Yes, Mama," said Mildred; "I am ready to go home, if you like."

"That is a sensible little girl," said her mother. "There is Mrs. Morton over there, now, with Leslie. We will go and wish them good night."

Mrs. Morton protested against their going so early, and then had a great deal to say about Mildred's success in the play, and how much they thanked her for helping them; to all of which Mildred could think of nothing that she could truthfully reply, and so she kept silent and let her mother answer for her. Only once, when Mrs. Morton was saying how greatly obliged Leslie and Charlie were to her for

helping them, Mildred looked Leslie in the eyes. To her surprise, Leslie not only met her gaze but responded to it with a little laugh; to be sure, the color came into her cheeks, but that was the only guilty sign. And Mildred wondered indignantly, as she turned away, how any one could be so double-faced. She was glad to leave the house, she was glad to get back to her own home, and it was not until she was safe in the shelter of her room and had exchanged for her wrapper her player's costume, which had suddenly become an object of dislike, that she unburdened her heart to her mother.

Whatever Mrs. Fairleigh may have thought on hearing Mildred's story, she said nothing, but sitting down before the fire, she took the weeping girl in her arms and rocked her and soothed her, and whispered words of comfort to her until the storm of tears had passed away.

"Mama," said Mildred, finally, after the last sob had subsided, and she had sat silent for a little while, her arms around her mother's neck, her head on her shoulder, and her eyes gazing into the fire—"Mama, I don't think I want ever to act in theatricals again."

"Don't you, dear?" said her mother.

"No," said Mildred, shaking her head and winking away a lingering tear that made darts and arrows of the firelight. "If I had known that people were going to think dreadful things of me, like that, I would n't have acted at all."

"Don't you think that you are exaggerating this a little, Mildred," said her mother. "It is quite natural that you should, of course. At the same time, I don't think that any one thought unkind things of you. Certainly none of the ladies did, and the boys showed that they didn't. And as for Carrie Wilkins, I don't think that even she really believed what she said of you."

"But why did she say it, then, Mama?" said Mildred, suddenly sitting up and opening her eyes at her mother.

"Well," said Mrs. Fairleigh, "when two or three little girls get talking together at a party, they very often say silly things that they don't mean. And if it happens that they don't receive as much attention as they expect, they

sometimes say spiteful things of other little girls—things that they know are not true."

"Well, but, Mama," said Mildred, "I think that is very wicked."

"So do I, dear," said her mother. "At the

the unkind thing Carrie said of you?" asked Mrs. Fairleigh.

"Of course I should n't, Mama," said Mildred, indignantly.

"Then why are you so ready to believe what



"MR. HARPER CAME IN DRIPPING WITH RAIN."

same time there are such people in the world, and all that we can do is to keep away from them and try very hard not to become like them."

"I don't think I ever could be like that," said Mildred, very decidedly.

"I hope not, dear," said her mother.

Then, after looking dreamily at the fire a little while, Mildred said, "I did n't think that Leslie was so deceitful; did you, Mama?"

"What makes you think she is deceitful, Mildred?" said her mother.

"Why, because," said Mildred, in surprise, "did n't Carrie Wilkins say that Leslie had declared that I said her words in the play just to make people look at me? And Leslie knows that I did n't."

"Would you like friends of yours to believe

she said of Leslie, and charge your little friend with being deceitful?"

"But it is very different," began Mildred, eagerly, "because—because—"

Then, as she faltered and stopped, her mother said, "It is not so different, sweetheart, but that it will show you how easy it is to speak ill of others and how hard it is to keep only fair and gentle feelings in our hearts."

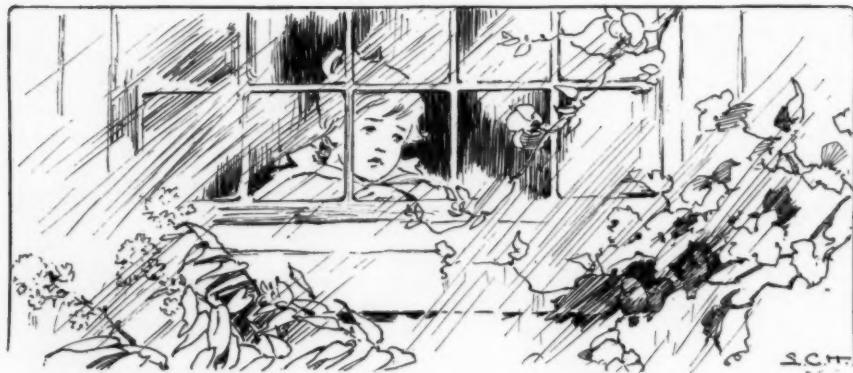
Mildred made no answer to this. She let her head sink down once more upon her mother's shoulder, while her mother, with her cheek pressed against Mildred's curly hair, and her arms folded close about her, gazed silently at the fire. For a long time neither of them moved, until finally Mrs. Fairleigh, arousing herself, found that Mildred had fallen asleep.

(To be continued.)

A RAINY DAY.

BY E. L. SYLVESTER.

*"Rain, rain, go away;
Come again another day."*



RAIN, rain, go away;
Phoebe's in despair.
Come again another day
When the trees are bare;
When the skies are gloomy,
When the birds have flown,
When there's not a blossom
The bee can call his own;

When the leaves are flying
All about the lawn,
When the wind is sighing
For the summer gone,—
That's the time for raining,
No matter how it pours.
And Phoebe then is quite content
To play all day indoors.



THE FIRST AMERICAN TRAVELER.

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

THE achievements of the explorer are among the most important, as they are among the most fascinating, of human heroisms. The qualities of mind and body necessary to his task are rare and admirable. He should have many sides and be strong in each—the rounded man that nature meant man to be. His body need not be as strong as Samson's, nor his mind Napoleon's, nor his heart the most fully developed heart on earth; but mind, heart, and body he needs, and each in the measure of a strong man. There is hardly another calling in which every muscle, so to speak, of his threefold nature will be more constantly or more evenly called into play.

It is a curious fact that some of the very greatest of human achievements have been by chance. Many among the most important discoveries in the history of mankind have been made by men who were not seeking the great truth they found. Science is the result not only of study, but of precious accidents; and this is as true of history. It is an interesting study in itself,—the influence which happy blunders and unintended happenings have had upon civilization.

In exploration, as in invention, accident has played its important part. Some of the most valuable explorations have been made by men who had no more idea of being explorers than they had of inventing a railroad to the moon; and it is a striking fact that the first inland exploration of America, and the two most wonderful journeys in it, were not only accidents, but the crowning misfortunes and disappointments of the men who had hoped for very different things.

Exploration, intended or involuntary, has achieved not only great results to civilization, but in the doing has scored some of the highest feats of human heroism. America in particular, perhaps, has been the field of great and

remarkable journeys; but the two men who made the most astounding journeys in America—and probably in all history—are still almost unheard of among us. They are heroes whose names are as Greek to the vast majority of Americans, albeit they are men in whom Americans particularly should take deep and admiring interest. They were Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, the first American traveler; and Andrés Docampo, the man who walked farther than any one.

In a world so big and old and full of great deeds as this, it is extremely difficult to say of any one man, "He was the greatest" this or that; and even in the matter of journeys there have been bewilderingly many great ones—of the most wonderful of which we hear least. As explorers we cannot give Vaca and Docampo great rank; though the latter's explorations were not contemptible, and Vaca's were of great importance. But as physical achievements the journeys of these neglected heroes can safely be said to be without parallel. They were the most wonderful walks ever made by man. Both men made their records in America, and each made most of his journey in what is now the United States.

Cabeza de Vaca was the first European really to penetrate the then "Dark Continent" of North America; by centuries the first to cross the continent. His nine years of wandering on foot, unarmed, naked, starving, among wild beasts and wilder men, with no more company than three as ill-fated comrades, gave the world its first glimpse of the United States inland, and led to some of the most stirring and important achievements connected with its early history. Nearly a century before the Pilgrim Fathers planted their noble commonwealth on the edge of Massachusetts; seventy-five years before the first English settlement was made in the New World; and more than a generation before there

was a single Caucasian settler of *any* blood within our area, Vaca and his gaunt followers had trudged across this unknown land.

It is a long way back to those days. Henry VIII. was then king of England, and sixteen rulers have since occupied that throne. Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen, was not born when Vaca started on his appalling journey, and did not begin to reign until twenty years after he had ended it. It was fifty years before the birth of Captain John Smith, the founder of Virginia; a generation before the birth of Shakspere, and two and a half generations before Milton. Henry Hudson, the famous explorer for whom one of our chief rivers is named, was not yet born. Columbus himself had been dead less than twenty-five years; and the conqueror of Mexico had seventeen yet to live. It was sixty years before the world had ever heard of such a thing as a newspaper; and the best geographers still thought it possible to sail through America to Asia. There was not a white man in North America above the middle of Mexico; nor had one ever gone two hundred miles inland in this continental wilderness, of which the world knew almost less than we know now of the moon.

The name of Cabeza de Vaca may seem to us a curious one. It means "Head of a Cow." But this quaint family name was an honorable one in Spain, and had a brave winning; it was earned at the battle of Naves de Tolosa in the thirteenth century, one of the decisive engagements of all those centuries of war with the Moors. Alvar's grandfather was also a man of some note, and conqueror of the Canary Islands.

Alvar was born in Xeres de la Frontera, Spain, toward the last of the fifteenth century. Of his early life we know little, except that he had already won some consideration when, in 1527, a mature man, he came to the New World. In that year we find him sailing from Spain as treasurer and sheriff of the expedition of six hundred men with which Pamfilo de Narvaez intended to conquer and colonize the Flowery Land, discovered a decade before by Ponce de Leon.

They reached Santo Domingo, and thence sailed to Cuba. On Good Friday, 1528, ten months after leaving Spain, they reached Florida,

and landed at what is now named Tampa Bay. Taking formal possession of the country for Spain, they set out to explore and conquer the unguessed wilderness. At Santo Domingo, shipwreck and desertion had already cost them heavily, and of the original six hundred men there were but three hundred and forty-five left. No sooner had they reached Florida than the most fearful misfortunes began, and with every day grew worse. Food there was almost none; hostile Indians beset them on every hand; and the countless rivers, lakes, and swamps made progress difficult and dangerous. The little army was fast thinning out under war and starvation, and plots were rife among the survivors. They were so enfeebled that they could not even get back to their vessels. Struggling through at last to the nearest point on the coast, far west of Tampa Bay, they decided that their only hope was to build boats and try to coast to the Spanish settlements in Mexico. Five rude boats were made with great toil; and the poor wretches turned westward along the coast of the Gulf. Storms scattered the boats and wrecked one after the other. Scores of the haggard adventurers were drowned, Narvaez among them; and scores, dashed upon an inhospitable shore, perished by exposure and starvation. Of the five boats, three had gone down with all on board; of the eighty men who escaped the wreck but fifteen were still alive. All their arms and clothing were at the bottom of the Gulf.

The survivors were now on *Mal Hado*, "the Isle of Misfortune." We know no more of its location than that it was west of the mouth of the Mississippi. Their boats had crossed that mighty current where it plunges out into the Gulf; and theirs were the first European eyes to see even this much of the Father of Waters. The Indians of the island, who had no better larder than roots, berries, and fish, treated their unfortunate guests as generously as was in their power; and Vaca has written gratefully of them.

In the spring, his thirteen surviving companions determined to escape. Vaca was too sick to walk, and they abandoned him to his fate. Two other sick men, Oviedo and Alaniz, were also left behind; and the latter soon perished. It was a pitiable plight in which Vaca

now found himself. A naked skeleton, scarce able to move, deserted by his friends and at the mercy of savages, it is small wonder that, as he tells us, his heart sank within him. But he was one of the men who never "let go." A constant soul held up the poor, worn body; and as the weather grew less rigorous, Vaca slowly recovered from his sickness.

For six years, about, he lived an incomparably

vaguely of one another, and made vain attempts to come together. It was not until September, 1534,—nearly seven years later,—that Dorantes, Castillo, Estévanico, and Vaca were reunited; and the spot where they found this happiness was somewhere in Texas, west of the Sabine River.

But Vaca's six years of loneliness and suffering unspeakable had not been in vain. For he



THE SPANIARDS NEARING THE COAST OF FLORIDA.

lonely life, bandied about from tribe to tribe of Indians, sometimes as a slave, and sometimes only a despised outcast. Oviedo fled from some danger, and he was never heard of afterward; Vaca faced it and lived. That his sufferings were almost beyond endurance cannot be doubted. Even when he was not the victim of brutal treatment, he was the worthless incumbrance, the useless interloper, among poor savages who lived the most miserable and precarious lives. That they did not kill him speaks well for their humane kindness.

The deserters had fared even worse. They had fallen into cruel hands, and all had been slain except three who were reserved for the harder fate of slaves. These three were Andrés Dorantes, a native of Bejar; Alonzo del Castillo Maldonado, a native of Salamanca; and the negro, Estévanico, who was born in Azamor, Africa. These three and Vaca were all that were left of the gallant four hundred and fifty men (among whom we do not count the deserters at Santo Domingo) who had sailed with such high hopes from Spain, in 1527, to conquer a corner of the New World—four naked, tortured, shivering shadows; and even they were separated, though they occasionally heard

had acquired, unknowingly, the key to safety; and amid all those horrors, and without dreaming of its significance, he had stumbled upon the very strange and interesting clue which was to save them all. Without it, all four would have perished in the wilderness, and the world would never have known their end.

While they were still on the Isle of Misfortune, a proposition had been made which seemed the height of the ridiculous. "In that isle," says Vaca, "they wished to make us doctors, without examining us or asking our titles; for they themselves cure sickness by blowing upon the sick one. With that blowing, and with their hands, they remove from him the disease; and they bade us do the same, so as to be of some use to them. We laughed at this, saying that they were making fun, and that we knew not how to heal; and for that they took away our food till we should do that which they said. And seeing our stubbornness, an Indian said to me that I did not understand, for that it did no good for one to know how, because the very stones and other things of the field have power to heal. . . . and that we, who were men, must certainly have greater power."

This was a characteristic thing which the old

Indian said, and a key to the remarkable superstitions of his race. But the Spaniards, of course, could not yet understand.

Presently the savages removed to the mainland. They were always in abject poverty, and many of them perished from starvation and from the exposures of their wretched existence. For three months in the year they had "nothing but shell-fish and very bad water"; and at other times only poor berries and the like; and their year was a series of wanderings hither and yon in quest of these scant and unsatisfactory foods.

It was an important fact that Vaca was utterly useless to the Indians. He could not serve them as a warrior; for in his wasted condition the bow was more than he could master. As a hunter he was equally unavailable; for, as he himself says, "it was impossible for him to trail animals." Assistance in carrying water or fuel or anything of the sort was impossible, for he was a man, and his Indian neighbors could not let a man do woman's work. So, among these starveling nomads, this man who could not help but must be fed was a real burden; and the only wonder is that they did not kill him.

Under these circumstances, Vaca began to wander about. His indifferent captors paid little attention, and by degrees he got to making long trips north, and up and down the coast. In time he began to see a chance for trading, in which the Indians encouraged him, glad to find their "white elephant" of some use at last. From the northern tribes he brought down skins and *almagre* (the red clay so indispensable to the savages for face-paint), flakes of flint to make arrow-heads, hard reeds for the shafts, and tassels of deer-hair dyed red. These things he readily exchanged among the coast tribes for shells and shell-beads, and the like—which, in turn, were in demand among his northern customers.

On account of their constant wars, the Indians could not venture outside their own range; so this safe go-between trader was a convenience which they encouraged. So far as he was concerned, though the life was still one of great suffering, he was constantly gaining knowledge which would be useful to him in his never-forgotten plan of getting back to the

world. These lonely trading expeditions of his covered thousands of miles on foot through the trackless wildernesses; and through them his aggregate wanderings were much greater than those of either of the others.

It was during these long and awful tramps that Cabeza de Vaca had one particularly interesting experience. He was the first European who saw the great American bison, the buffalo,—which has become practically extinct in the last decade, but once roamed the plains in vast hordes,—and first by many years. He saw them and ate their meat in the Red River country of Texas, and has left us a description of the "hunchback cows." None of his companions ever saw one, for in their subsequent journey together the four Spaniards passed south of the buffalo-country.

Meanwhile, as I have noted, the forlorn and naked trader had had the duties of a doctor forced upon him. He did not understand what this involuntary profession might do for him—he was simply pushed into it at first, and followed it not from choice, but to keep from having trouble. He was "good for nothing but to be a medicine-man." He had learned the peculiar treatment of the aboriginal wizards, though not their fundamental ideas. The Indians still look upon sickness as a "being possessed"; and their idea of doctoring is not so much to cure as to exorcise the bad spirits which cause it.

This is done by a sleight-of-hand rigmarole, even to this day. The medicine-man would suck the sore spot, and pretend thus to extract a stone or thorn which was supposed to have been the cause of trouble; and the patient was "cured." Cabeza de Vaca began to "practise medicine" after the Indian fashion. He says himself, "I have tried these things, and they were very successful."

When the four wanderers at last came together after their long separation,—in which all had suffered untold horrors,—Vaca had then, though still unguessed, the key of hope. Their first plan was to escape from their present captors. It took ten months to effect it, and meantime their distress was great—as it had been constantly for so many years. At times they lived on a daily ration of two handfuls of wild

peas and a little water. Vaca relates what a godsend it seemed when he was allowed to scrape hides for the Indians; he carefully saved the scrapings, which served him as food for days. They had no clothing, and there was no shelter; and constant exposure to heat and cold and the myriad thorns of that country caused them to "shed their skin like snakes."

At last, in August, 1535, the four sufferers escaped to a tribe called the Avavares. But now a new career began to open to them. That his companions might not be as useless as he had been, Cabeza de Vaca had instructed them in the "arts" of Indian medicine-men; and all four began to put their new and strange profession into practice. To the ordinary Indian charms and incantations these humble Christians added fervent prayers to the true God. It was a sort of sixteenth century "faith-cure"; and naturally enough, among such superstitious patients, was very effective. Their multitudinous cures the amateur, but sincere, doctors, with touching humility, attributed entirely to God; but what great results these might have upon their own fortunes now began to dawn upon them. From wandering, naked, starving, despised beggars, and slaves to brutal savages, they suddenly became personages of note—still paupers and sufferers, as were all their patients, but paupers of mighty power. There is no fairy tale more romantic than the career thenceforth of these poor, brave men walking painfully across a continent as masters and benefactors of all that host of wild peoples.

Trudging on from tribe to tribe, painfully and slowly, the white medicine-men crossed Texas and came close to our present New Mexico. It has long been reiterated by the closet historians that they entered New Mexico and got even as far north as where Santa Fé now is. But modern scientific research has absolutely proved that they went on from Texas through Chihuahua and Sonora and never saw an inch of New Mexico.

With each new tribe the Spaniards paused awhile to heal the sick. Everywhere they were treated with the greatest kindness their poor hosts could give, and with religious awe. Their progress is a very valuable object-lesson, showing just how some Indian myths are formed—

first, the successful medicine-man, who at his death or departure is remembered as hero, then as demigod, then as divinity.

In the Mexican States they found agricultural Indians who dwelt in houses of sod and boughs, and had beans and pumpkins. These were the Jovas, a branch of the Pimas. Of the scores of tribes they had passed through in our present Southern States not one has been fully identified. They were poor, wandering creatures, and long ago disappeared from the earth. But in the Sierra Madre of Mexico they found superior Indians, whom we can recognize still. Here they found the men unclad, but the women "very honest in their dress"—with cotton tunics of their own weaving, with half-sleeves, and a skirt to the knee; and over it a skirt of dressed deerskin reaching to the ground and fastened in front with straps. They washed their clothing with a soapy root—the *amole*, now similarly used by Indians and Mexicans throughout the Southwest. These people gave Cabeza de Vaca some turquoises, and five arrowheads each chipped from a single emerald.

In this village in southwestern Sonora the Spaniards stayed three days, living on split deer-hearts—whence they named it the "Town of Hearts."

A day's march beyond they met an Indian wearing upon his necklace the buckle of a sword-belt and a horseshoe nail; and their hearts beat high at this first sign, in all their eight years' wandering, of the nearness of Europeans. The Indian told them that men with beards like their own had come from the sky and made war upon his people.

The Spaniards were now entering Sinaloa, and found themselves in a fertile land of flowing streams. The Indians were in mortal fear, for two brutes of a class who were very rare among the Spanish conquerors (they were, I am glad to say, punished for their violation of the strict laws of Spain) were then trying to catch slaves. The soldiers had just left; but Cabeza de Vaca and Estévanico, with eleven Indians, hurried forward on their trail, and next day overtook four Spaniards, who led them to their rascally captain, Diego de Alcaráz. It was long before that officer could believe the wondrous story told by the naked, torn, shaggy,

wild man; but at last his coldness was thawed, and he gave a certificate of the date, and of the condition in which Vaca had come to him, and then sent back for Dorantes and Castillo. Five days later these arrived, accompanied by several hundred Indians.

Alcaráz and his partner in crime, Cebreros,

before they could accustom themselves to eating the food and wearing the clothing of civilized people.

The negro remained in Mexico. On the 10th of April, 1537, Cabeza de Vaca, Castillo, and Dorantes sailed for Spain, arriving in August. The chief hero never came back to North



CABEZA DE VACA ON THE MARCH.

wished to enslave these aborigines; but Cabeza de Vaca, regardless of his own danger in taking such a stand, indignantly opposed the infamous plan, and finally forced the villains to abandon it. The Indians were saved; and in all their joy at getting back to the world the Spanish wanderers parted with sincere regret from these simple-hearted friends. After a few days' hard travel they reached the post of Culiacan about the first of May, 1536, where they were warmly welcomed by the ill-fated hero Melchior Diaz. He led one of the earliest expeditions (in 1539) to the unknown north; and in 1540, on a second expedition across part of Arizona and into California, was accidentally killed.

After a short rest the wanderers left for Compostela, then the chief town of the province of New Galicia — itself a small journey of three hundred miles through a land swarming with hostile savages. At last, they reached the city of Mexico in safety, and were received with great honor. But they found that it was long

America, but we hear of Dorantes as being there in the following year. Their report of what they saw, and of the stranger countries to the north of which they had heard, had already set on foot the remarkable expeditions which resulted in the discovery of Arizona, New Mexico, our Indian Territory, Kansas, and Colorado, and brought about the building of the first European towns in the area of the United States. Estévanico was engaged with Fray Marcos in the discovery of New Mexico, and was slain by the Indians.

Cabeza de Vaca, as a reward for his then unparalleled walk of much more than ten thousand miles in the unknown land, was made Governor of Paraguay in 1540. He was not qualified for the place, however, and returned in disgrace. That circumstances were rather to blame than he, however, is indicated by the fact that he was restored to favor and received a pension of two thousand ducats. He died in Seville at a good old age.

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TOM* PAULDING.

(*A Tale of Treasure Trove in the Streets of New York.*)

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

[Begin in the November number.]

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BATTLE OF THE CURLS.



R. RAPALLO and Tom were so interested in the fire that they were very late in getting to bed. For the first time in his life Tom "heard the chimes at midnight," or at least he heard the bell in the tower of a church near by strike twelve. It was a clear winter night; there was not a cloud in the heavens, but there was no moon, and the sky was dark as if the freezing wind had blown out the stars, which twinkled, chill and remote. In this murk midnight, black and cold, the mighty bonfire by the water's edge blazed away, rolling dense masses of smoke up the river and affording a delightful spectacle to those who were unthinking enough to forget its cost.

It was after one o'clock when Uncle Dick and Tom returned home. Everybody had gone to bed hours before; but Mrs. Paulding's quick ear recognized her boy's footstep on the stairs as he went up to his room.

Five minutes after he entered the house he was in bed and asleep. Indeed, it seemed as if he was in his first nap when there came a rap on the door, and Katie's voice was heard.

"Get up out o' that bed, Master Tom. Sure it 's gettin' cold the breakfast is, an' it 's the buckwheat cakes ye like that ye 're missin'. Mr. Richard has been 'atin' away this last half hour."

Thus aroused and besought, Tom got out of bed and dressed sleepily. Even when he took

his seat at the breakfast-table he was not yet wide awake.

To his great surprise Uncle Dick looked as fresh as if he had had ten hours' rest.

"Oh, Tom," cried Polly, "you are very late!"

"Better late than never," Tom replied cheerfully but drowsily, as he helped himself to the buckwheat cakes.

"You've got sleep in your eyes still," said Uncle Dick.

"I shall be all right in a minute," Tom declared. "I suppose it is the light that makes my eyes blink."

"I don't know how you would manage if you were on a long march," Uncle Dick went on, "when you had to walk twenty hours out of twenty-four for three or four days together."

"I could n't manage it at all," Tom confessed; "that is, not without training for it. I suppose that one can train for anything, even for going without sleep."

Mr. Rapallo laughed. "I should n't like to make trial of that. I think the result would be not unlike the experience of the man who believed that eating was all a matter of habit, and that a horse could be gradually accustomed to live on nothing. Unfortunately for the success of the experiment, just when he was getting the horse trained down—it died."

"Oh," said Polly, "I don't see how people can ever be so cruel to horses or dogs or cats. It's hateful."

"Experiments are rarely pleasant for those on whom they are tried," Uncle Dick returned. "They are like practical jokes, in that respect."

When Tom had finished his breakfast, his mother left the dining-room for a conference with the Brilliant Conversationalist. Her son stood for a moment before the fireplace.

"I think that you had better go up-stairs again and take another nap," suggested his

uncle, noticing how the boy's eyes were closing involuntarily.

"I'm not very sleepy," Tom asserted, rousing himself with an effort. "Besides, I could n't go to sleep if I wanted to. Cissy Smith and a lot more boys are going coasting this morning. Cissy is coming for me."

There was a lounge on one side of the dining-room. Tom walked over to it with affected unconcern.

"I've nothing to do to-day," he exclaimed, "and I think I'll just lie down here and shut my eyes till the boys come."

Pauline slipped off her uncle's knees and drew a shawl over Tom as he lay on the lounge.

"Marmee says," she remarked sagely, as she did this, "that you must never go to sleep without something over you."

"But I'm not going to sleep," Tom declared.

The little girl pulled the shawl up to his shoulders and tucked it in. Then she stood for a moment at the head of the lounge, smoothing her brother's hair.

"I wish I had curls like yours, Tom," she said; "they would be so becoming on a girl, and they are just wasted on you."

"Pauline," her uncle called to her gently, "better leave your brother alone and let him have his nap."

"I don't want a nap," asserted Tom, as he turned over; and in less than sixty seconds the regularity of his breathing was very like a snore.

Uncle Dick laughed gently. "The boy was up late last night. No wonder he can't keep awake."

He parted with Polly at the door.

"Good-by, Polly," he said, "I'm going downtown—to work."

"Have n't you any Christmas holidays?" she asked sympathetically.

"No," her uncle answered. "The Christmas vacation is intended only for boys and girls, because they have had to work hard over their lessons all the fall. Of course grown-up men don't work so hard, and therefore they don't need it."

"Then I'm glad I'm not going to be a grown-up man," returned Pauline.

After her uncle had gone she patted Tom's curls, trying to smooth them and then disar-

ranging them completely—without in any way disturbing his sound slumber.

"How they do curl!" she thought. "I wonder if I could make them curl the other way."

So she got half a dozen little pieces of paper and began to twist her brother's locks up in them. He still slept on. She was careful not to pull the distorted curls. In a few minutes Tom's head was covered with half a dozen little twists of paper.

"I do wonder, really," she said to herself, "whether that will take any of his curls out of curl, or whether it will make them curl the other way. It will be most curious to see."

She moved across the room to judge of the possible effect; and then her mother called to her and she flitted lightly up-stairs, leaving her brother fast asleep, all unconscious of the adornment of his head with little twisted bits of paper.

Tom lay there for nearly an hour, and then he was awakened by the signal of the Black Band outside the window.

It was not until Cissy Smith had whistled twice that Tom was aroused sufficiently to understand that his friend had come for him.

He sprang from the lounge and rushed into the hall. He put on his cap and, while he was getting his overcoat buttoned, he opened the door and returned the signal.

"Is that your new sled?" he cried, as he came out and found Cissy Smith waiting for him. "It's a beauty!"

"It's my best Christmas present," Cissy declared. "Father had it made for me at the same place one was made for him when he was a boy. You can't buy them anywhere; you have to order them a year ahead."

The sled was worthy of praise. It was a shapely and a seemly piece of work. It stood high from the ground on two firm but delicate runners, shod and braced with steel. Its slender length was not disfigured by paint, but the tough wood showed clear-grained through the white varnish.

After the sled had been duly admired, Tom and Cissy set out for the hillside where they were to coast.

At the first corner, they met Lott and Harry Zachary; and other boys joined them as they went on.

Lott asked Cissy, "How is little Jimmy Wigger this morning?" and he twisted himself into an interrogation-mark in his anxiety to get all the details of the sad story.

Cissy reported that the little boy was not improving.

"If his back is hurt," suggested Harry Zachary, gently, "I reckon the doctors will have to cut out his backbone, maybe, or amputate both his legs."

"Pop says that little Jimmy is going to have a close call," Cissy Smith declared, conscious of the advantage he had in being the doctor's son.

"A call, eh?" Harry Zachary returned. "Well, I reckon he's right. We ought to go over and see how he is this morning."

"Pop says he is n't any better," Cissy Smith asserted.

"We're not calling to find out how he is, but just out of manners," explained Harry.

"Then come along," replied Cissy, lurching ahead in his usual rolling gait.

"And when they tell him we've been there," Tom interjected, "perhaps it will make him feel better."

"Do you suppose that they will really cut off his legs?" asked Lott.

"Corkscrew would n't like to have his legs cut off," Tom remarked, at large, "because he keeps his brains in his boots."

The boys greeted with a hearty laugh this allusion to a recent remark of one of the school-teachers about Lott—a remark which was nearer the truth than the teacher suspected.

Lott's insatiate curiosity did not extend to his lessons at school. In these he took no interest whatever. He rarely studied. In his recitations he relied on the help of the boys who might be next to him and on even less lawful aids. He had picked up a key to the arithmetic used in the school; and this illegal assistant to recitation he used to take into class with him every day; at least, he took with him the one or two pages containing the answers needed in the lesson of the day. These loose leaves he concealed in a secret place feasible only to himself,—for no one else wore such "boots." The tops of these boots projected above his knees when he sat down; and behind

the shields thus erected Corkscrew placed the needed pages of the key. The room in which arithmetic was taught was overcrowded; and Corkscrew's recent sudden growth, and his strange habit of twisting about, and his enormous boots, all made him conspicuous. It was as if he was taking up more than his share of the room. The teacher especially disliked the boots, and various remarks were directed against them. The last of these remarks was to the effect that "there is no use saying anything more about Lott's boots; he will not part with them; I believe he keeps his brains in those boots."

When Tom Paulding recalled this remark of the teacher's, Lott did not like it. But he could think of no other retort than to say, "You are ever so smart, you are!"

As Tom failed to reply to this taunt, it seemed less effective than Corkscrew could have desired.

The boys had now come to the brow of the hill down which they were to coast.

In default of any more cutting response to the remark about the boots, Lott seized Tom's cap and threw it as far as he could down the hillside.

If Tom Paulding had not made Corkscrew angry by an unprovoked allusion, he would not have exposed himself to this sudden exhibition of his own head with its adornment of little twists of paper—all unknown to Tom himself.

"Who curled your hair?" asked Cissy, when the cap was plucked from Tom's head.

"What do you mean?" cried Tom, partly to Lott and partly to Cissy.

By this time Lott, who had been watching the cap as it circled through the air and then slid along the glassy surface of the slide, had caught sight of the half-dozen bits of paper which bedecked Tom's head.

"Ah, ha!" he cried, "I told you Tom put his hair up in paper!"

"I don't," said Tom.

"Don't you?" shouted Lott forcibly. "You tell that to a blind man. We can see for ourselves."

"I never curled my hair in my life!" Tom declared.

"Then who put it up in paper for you this

morning, Tom?" was Corkscrew's triumphant question.

Involuntarily Tom raised his hand to his head, and he felt the little twists of paper. The boys laughed,—even Cissy Smith, Tom's best friend, and not an admirer of Lott's, joined in the merriment. Tom felt his face burning red as he pulled out the papers.

Then he turned to Lott.

after it ends in an appeal to arms—and fists. The battle between Tom Paulding and Corkscrew Lott began promptly, and, for a while, its issue was in doubt. Lott was older than Tom, and taller and heavier; but, of late, he had been growing beyond his strength.

In the end, Tom had the best of it. But Corkscrew did not go after Tom's cap. This gage of battle had been brought back by one of



"INVOLUNTARILY TOM RAISED HIS HAND TO HIS HEAD, AND HE FELT THE LITTLE TWISTS OF PAPER."

"Go get my cap," he said angrily.

"I won't," answered Lott. "If you hadn't said anything about my boots, I should n't have touched your cap. And I'm glad I did now, for I've shown everybody how you get your pretty curls."

"Will you get that cap?" repeated Tom.

"No, I won't," Lott replied.

"Then I'll make you," said Tom.

"I'd like to see you do it," was Lott's retort—although this was exactly what he would not like to see.

There is no need to describe a boys' quarrel

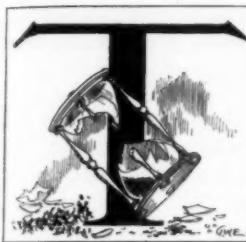
the smaller boys during a pause in the fight. So it happened that Tom's was but a barren victory—like nearly all those a boy gains except when he conquers himself.

Lott and several friends of his went away to coast down another hill. Tom, when he had recovered his wind and stanchéd his wounds, joined in the sport with Cissy and Harry Zachary.

But when he left the slide and went home to his dinner, he bore with him the scars of war in the shape of a swollen face and an unmistakable black eye.

CHAPTER XV.

A NEW-YEAR'S-DAY DEPARTURE.



OM did not quite know what to do about his black eye. He knew that his mother would see it, and then she would be sure to ask him about it, and he would have to tell her the whole story. That she would not approve of the fight Tom felt sure; and he was a little in doubt whether he himself quite approved of it. He had often thought that sooner or later he and Corkscrew would have to "have it out"; and if the combat had been really inevitable, he was glad that it was over and that he had not come out of it second-best. But even in the glow of victory, he did not feel altogether satisfied with the way in which war had been declared nor with his own conduct in the beginning. His reference to Lott's keeping his brains in his boots was altogether uncalled for. It is true that Corkscrew's throwing of the cap downhill had slight justification. But, all the same, Tom had an uneasy consciousness that the real cause of the anger that had burned so fiercely in his breast was in great measure the keen mortification arising from the disclosure of his hair curled up in paper. And Tom knew that it was Polly who had bedecked his head with twists of paper, and not Corkscrew. Still they would never have been seen had it not been for Corkscrew. And so, after all—

Tom had gone thus far in the examination of his conscience when he reached home.

As the Careful Katie opened the door, she caught sight of the black eye.

"Oh, Master Tom!" she cried, "is it in a fight ye've been?"

"Yes," Tom answered. "I've been in a fight."

"Come into the kitchen, then," she went on heartily, "and I'll give ye a bit of beefsteak to put on yer eye. An' ye can tell me all about the fight the while. Sure, beefsteak is the wan thing for a black eye. It's many a time me

brothers would have liked a bit, a-comin' back from a fair in Killaloe, or a wake, or any other merrymakin'."

Tom was following the Brilliant Conversationalist into the kitchen, when Pauline came dancing out into the hall.

"Oh, Tom," she cried, "what do you think? We've three new kittens, one black, and one white with a black eye, and one all gray—ever so pretty. And marmee says I may keep the gray one, and I'm going to. The one that's white with the black eye is smaller and cunninger, but I don't like a white kitten with a black eye, do you? It looks just as if it had been fighting, and of course it has n't yet, for it's only two hours old."

Tom smiled grimly. "I'd keep the one with the black eye," he said, as he followed Katie into the kitchen, "and you might call it after me." And with that he turned his head so that she could see his face.

"Oh, Tom!" Polly exclaimed. "You look worse than the kitten—ever so much worse!"

"Perhaps," said Tom, dolefully, "when the kitten gets a little older, you will put its tail up in curl-papers; and then it will go out, and come back again with a black eye bigger than mine."

"It would be cruel to twist up a cat's tail!" she declared.

"Was n't it cruel to let me go out with my hair in curl-papers?" he rejoined.

"Did you?" she cried penitently. "Oh, Tom, I'm so sorry! I did n't mean to. I never thought. I'll never do it again; I'll be so good next time. I don't see how I ever came to do it. Won't you forgive me this time?"

Tom made haste to forgive her when he saw how sorrowful she looked.

Then the Brilliant Conversationalist came with a bit of raw beef and placed this to the injured eye and tied it tight with Tom's handkerchief bound about his head.

"There," she said, "that'll draw out the poison for you. Now tell us about the fight. Did ye bite the head off the villain?"

Then Tom, half pleased and half ashamed, told his sister and Katie all about the combat with Corkscrew Lott.

"Oh, Tom!" Pauline cried suddenly, "what will marmee say?"

"I don't know," replied Tom, doubtfully. "She won't like it."

"Shall I go and break the news to her gently, as they do in the story-books?" suggested his sister.

"No," Tom answered; "I'd better tell her myself."

"I'll go with you," Pauline persisted; "and I'll tell her it was all my fault."

"No," Tom replied again, "I'd better go alone."

So he took heart of grace, and went up to his mother's room and placed before her the whole story; not trying to shield himself, but as well as he could telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Mrs. Paulding was a wise mother. She saw that her son had been punished; she did not reprove him, but she spoke to him gently, and when she had ceased speaking Tom had made up his mind never to get into another fight. Then she kissed him, and they went down together to their early dinner.

That evening, when Uncle Dick returned, the whole story had to be gone over once more. It is to be recorded with regret that Mr. Rapallo laughed heartily when he heard about the curls which Polly put up in paper and which Corkscrew revealed accidentally.

"Best keep out of a fight if you can," he said when he had heard the full details; "but if you must fight, go in to win."

"I don't think I shall go in again," Tom declared, looking up at his mother with an affectionate glance, which would have been more effective if the black eye had not been still covered by the bit of beefsteak and the handkerchief.

"Sure if he goes to a wake, any decent boy may have to swing his shillalah about a bit," the Careful Katie remarked, as she left the room for the preserves.

"The Brilliant Conversationalist is in favor of a free fight," Uncle Dick declared. "But I'll give you a Spanish proverb better than her Hibernian advice—and there is no more honorable race than the Spanish, and no one is more punctilious than a Spaniard. Yet they have a saying, 'It is the man who returns the first blow who begins the quarrel.'"

After supper, Mrs. Paulding and Pauline went up-stairs, leaving Mr. Rapallo and Tom alone together.

"I've been looking up the ownership of that property where you think your guineas are," said Uncle Dick.

"Did you find out?" Tom asked eagerly.

"I found that the land is in dispute," his uncle replied. "The title to it is doubtful, and there has been a lawsuit about it in the courts now for nearly ten years."

"But it must belong to some one," Tom insisted.

"It's likely to belong to the lawyers, if this litigation does n't stop soon," Uncle Dick answered. Then he explained how it was:

"The case seems to be complicated; there was an assignment of some sort made by the original owner fifty years ago; and now there are two mortgages and two wills, and half a dozen codicils. And all the parties are angry, and there is 'blood on the moon.' So I'm afraid that when we get ready to dig for that buried treasure, we shall have to do it without asking anybody's permission. In the first place, we don't know whom to ask; and in the second place, whoever we ask would surely suspect us of coming from one of the other parties, and would not only refuse but perhaps set a guard on the property or have detectives watch us."

"Oh!" said Tom, and he was conscious of a certain swelling pride at the possibility that there might be a detective "on his track," as he phrased it.

"Of course," Mr. Rapallo continued, "as long as the frost's in the ground there is no use in our trying to do anything. In the mean while, you will say nothing."

"Not even to Cissy Smith?" Tom urged, aware of the delight that he would have in imparting this real mystery to his friend.

"Not even to anybody," Uncle Dick answered. "If Cissy were to tell some one, you could n't blame him for not keeping the secret you could n't keep yourself."

Tom felt the force of this reasoning, but he regretted that his uncle thought it best not to tell Cissy. Tom felt sure of Cissy's discretion, and he longed to have some one with whom to talk over the buried treasure. Thus early in

life Tom was made to see the wisdom in the saying of the philosopher, that a secret is a most undesirable property, for "if you tell it, you have n't got it; and if you don't tell it, you lose the interest on the investment."

The next afternoon, as Tom was coming back from asking how little Jimmy Wigger was getting on, he saw Mr. Rapallo standing on the stoop of Mr. Joshua Hoffmann's house talking to the old gentleman he had before seen leaning over the wall. Tom supposed that the Old Gentleman who leaned over the Wall, as he called him in his own mind, was probably Mr. Hoffmann himself, but he was not quite sure of it.

Once again before New Year's Day, Tom saw his uncle in conference with the Old Gentleman who leaned over the Wall. Tom noticed that about this time Mr. Rapallo was a little more restless than usual; and then again that he would sink into frequent fits of thought-ful silence.

On New Year's morning, Mr. Rapallo caught Tom's eye, after Tom had spoken twice without bringing him out of his silent abstraction.

"I beg your pardon, Tom," he said; "I was thinking. The fact is, I've got the idea of a little invention buzzing in my head, and I keep turning it over and over, and looking at it on all sides, even when I ought to be doing something else—eating my breakfast, for example."

They were then at their morning meal; and just at that moment the shrill whistle of the postman was heard.

"There does be only one letter-man this mornin', I'm thinkin'," said the Brilliant Conversationalist, as she went out to see what the postman had for them.

"There may be a letter for me," Uncle Dick remarked, "that will take me away to-night."

"You are not going to leave us?" cried Polly.

"I may have to go," her uncle answered.

"Where?" she asked.

"On a journey—to lots of places," he replied.

"How long will you be gone?" she went on.

"I don't know. Two or three months, perhaps," he answered. Then, catching Tom's inquiring glance, he added, "I shall be back by

the time the frost is out of the ground. I'm like a bad penny, I'm sure to turn up again."

"You are not a bad penny at all," said Polly, with emphasis. "You are as good as gold, and a penny is only copper. And if you have to go, we shall all miss you very, very much!" Then she got up and walked around the table and kissed her uncle on the cheek.

Katie returned and gave Uncle Dick the only letter she had in her hand.

"The letter-man says he does n't be comin' here again to-day, mum, but ye can give him his New Year's in the mornin'," she reported.

"Must you go?" asked Mrs. Paulding, who had watched her brother's face as he read the note.

"Yes. I must start this afternoon at the latest," he answered. "It is to see a man about this little invention of mine. If he likes it, we shall work it out together. Then, when I come back in the spring, Mary, I hope to bring you that Christmas present I owe you."

When Mr. Rapallo left the house, about twelve o'clock, Tom went with him to the nearest elevated-railroad station. Uncle Dick did not walk this time, as he had a heavy bag to carry.

After Mr. Rapallo and Tom had stepped down upon the sidewalk, from the flight of wooden steps leading from the street up to the rocky crest on which the house was perched, they saw Cissy Smith. He was coming eagerly toward them.

"Have you heard the news about little Jimmy?" asked Cissy.

"No," Tom replied. "What is it?"

"He died this morning early," Cissy continued. "Father was there. Little Jimmy did not suffer any. And he could n't ever have been strong again."

"Poor little chap!" said Tom, thinking of the eagerness of the little fellow as he had followed Tom about ready to do his bidding, whatever it might be.

"The years bring joy to some and sorrow to others," Mr. Rapallo remarked gently; "but it is a sad house to which Death pays a New Year's call."

(To be continued.)

A TALE OF PIRACY



By

Malcolm

Douglas

[The old skipper fairly "thrills" little Ben:]

WAS in '65, my little cove,
As I recollects, the day
We ships our cargo, with nary embargo,
An' sails from Ja-ma-ki-a.

Then it's yo, heave ho! an' it's heave agin!
An' the wind a-blowin' free!
With plenty o' 'baccy to last, by crackey,
A sailor's life for me!

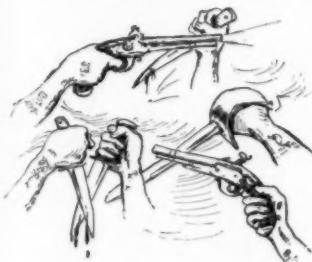
Sorghum lasses our cargo was;
Our ship the "Sassy Jane";
No rakisher sailin', an' she a-hailin'
From Kennebunk, down in Maine.

An' we have n't been more than two days out,
When the duff don't seem to please;
There ain't the richness of raisins an' siccness,
So we ups an' we mutinies.

The cap'n, the fust, an' secun' mate,

The grizzled old bos'n, too
(Fur One-eye Slover, the cook, come over),
An' agin 'em the hull ship's crew !

An' a terrible, bloodthirsty, villainous crew,
As could n't be possible wuss;
Which the same wore ear-rings to help their hearings,
An' was tattooed promiscuous !

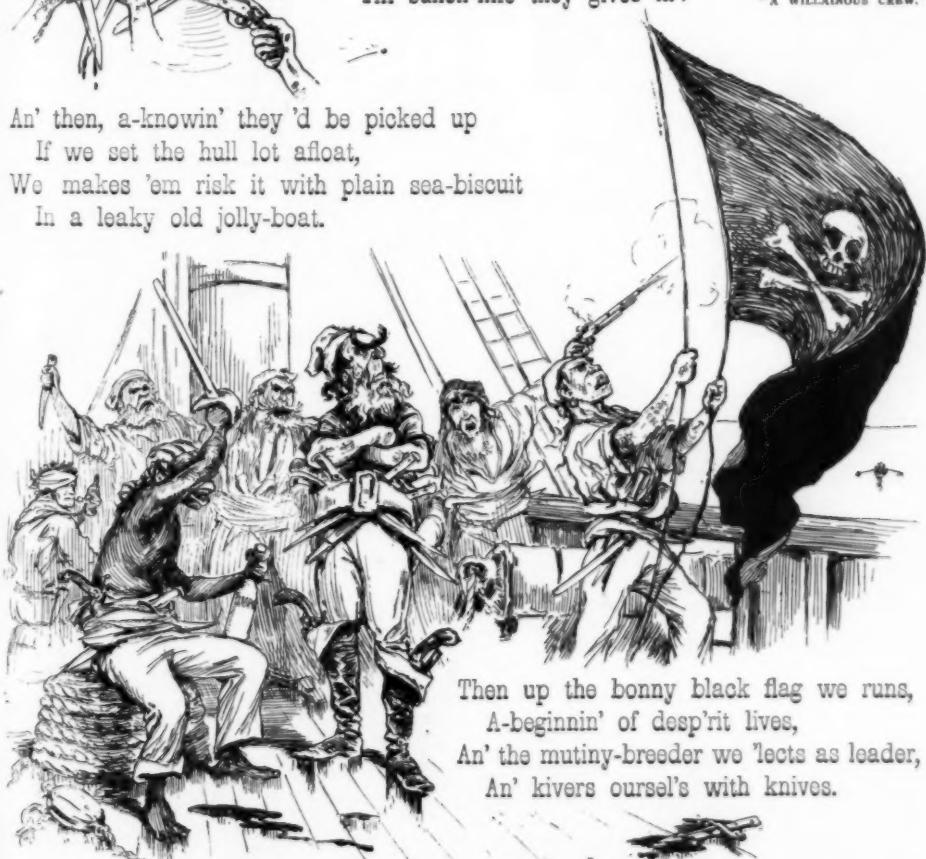


Then it's pippety-pop, an' bang away,

An' it's cut an' it's come agin,
With balls a-shriekin', an' knives a-reekin',
Till sullen-like they gives in !

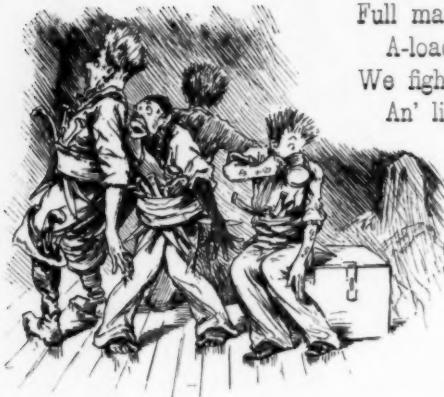
"A WILLAINOUS CREW."

An' then, a-knowin' they'd be picked up
If we set the hull lot afloat,
We makes 'em risk it with plain sea-biscuit
In a leaky old jolly-boat.



Then up the bonny black flag we runs,
A-beginnin' of desp'r'it lives,
An' the mutiny-breeder we 'lects as leader,
An' kivers oursel's with knives.

"THEN UP THE BONNY BLACK FLAG WE RUNS."



"AN' WE HAS WHAT YOU CALLS REMORSE."

An' all of a sudden we quarly grows,
A-achin' each other to strike;
There was two begin it, then more comes in it,
An' soon it is gen'ral-like.

A fight as lasted three days an' nights,
An' as bad as ever I see,
Not once a-stoppin', an' men a-droppin',
Till all that was left was me!



"ON IT I FLOATS A WEEK."

So with a hen-coop over I jumps,
An' on it I floats a week,
Till I makes an island, an' gets on dry
land,
So hoarse I kin just but speak.

Full many a gallant merchantm'n,
A-loaded with shiny gold,
We fights a duel, an' takes most cruel,
An' lightens up of its hold.

But sometimes we gets a-thinkin', nights,
As we sails upon our course,
We ain't of recent been actin' decent,
An' we has what you calls remorse.



"AN' SOON IT IS GEN'RAL-LIKE."

An', with all that valible treasure mine,
A tempest comes down at last,
An' I keeps on sailin', an' bailin' an' bailin',
But the vessel 's a-fillin' fast.



"I GETS ON DRY LAND."

An' there fur eight long years I stays,
 A-drinkin' of misery's drags,
 With no one near me to try an' cheer me,
 An' nourished on penguins' eggs.

Eight weary, dreary, teary years,
 An' biliousy-like an' pale;
 Fur comp'ny sighin', an' rags a-flyin'
 A-tryin' to catch a sail!

But, when I'm a-givin' up hope at last,
 A wessel it heaves in sight,
 An' I cooks up a story that's noways gory,
 Explainin' of my sad plight.



"I COOKS UP A STORY THAT'S NOWAYS GORY."

Fur, with what I've got, my little cove,
 At the bottom of the sea,
 Your millionaires, with their bonds an' shares,
 Are n't a sarkumstance 'long o' me!

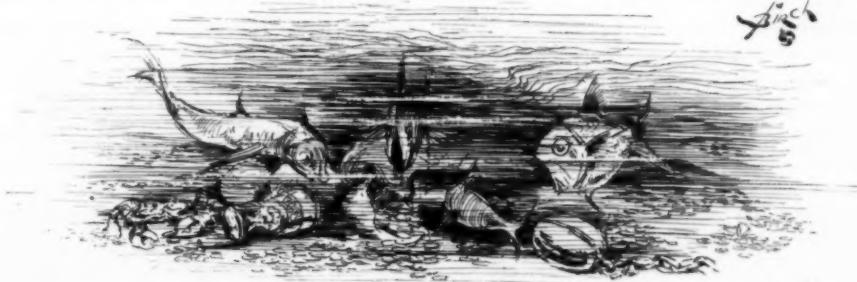


"NOURISHED ON PENGUINS' EGGS."

An' many's an' many's the time since then
 I've sat me down to weep,
 To think of them millions—I may say billions—
 A hundred o' fathoms deep!



fish



RANGOON AS A NURSE.

By E. VINTON BLAKE.

I 'LL own, boys, it 's funny to consider a horse in the light of a nurse; I never before heard of an equine nurse, but in this case I think "Rangoon" contributed largely to the recovery of a sick patient.

That patient was myself.

You see, I had been almost used up by the indiscriminate hugging of a too demonstrative bear. It was one of the few cases where the hunter turns out to be the hunted. If I had been on Rangoon's back, now, instead of lying in ambush among those rocks—but that is neither here nor there.

After the struggle was over, and my friend Will—who had come to the rescue—had revived me, and I had sat up and discovered that my hunting shirt and leggings were in strips and I was covered with scratches from head to foot, we held a short but serious council.

"This is a pretty go!" said he.

"Just so," said I.

"Whatever possessed you to tackle that monster alone, and you on foot," said he, "passes my understandin'. But howsoever, here you are, and Martin's ranch sixty miles to the east'ard."

"I was a bit careless, that 's true," said I. "Nevertheless, Martin's ranch it is. Bring the horses."

"Like 's not you won't live to get there," grumbled Will, who always made a point of speaking his mind.

"Yes, I shall, too, you old growler," said I.

I did. But when I was fairly got to bed by horrified Mr. and Mrs. Martin, and all the household were flying about with bandages, remedies, and what not, the strain of excitement and resolve that had upheld me in the long, painful journey suddenly gave way, and I went into a dead faint. I suppose I was a very sick man. Many a day passed thereafter, of which I took no note. The first things I remem-

ber, when the fever abated, and I began to realize the outer world again, were the golden curls and tender face of little Millie Martin, the sweet scent of flowers she brought for my table, the low songs she sang all by herself on the platform outside my window. Many a day I lay there, very weak, and watched the glint of sunlight through the dark chintz curtains, as I listened to the tuneful childish voice.

The Martins were Eastern people, who settled there when Millie was a mere baby; and she was now nearly eight. The house stood on stilts, as it were, on five-foot logs, and a rough platform ran around it; there were some outbuildings; and the whole was inclosed by a high adobe wall. There was also a corral for the horses, where they were kept except in severe weather.

My first thought, when I got my brains once more in thinking order, was—Rangoon. When I inquired for him, they sent Will Grant in to see me. That worthy entered gingerly, as one who treads on eggs, sat on the edge of a chair, pushed back his sombrero, and put his hands on his knees to contemplate me. A broad smile began to spread over his face.

"What the dickens are you laughing at?" inquired I. I was a little bit cross.

"When would ye like to hunt another bear?" said he.

"Will, you 're an old rascal," said I. "I 'll have vengeance on the whole race of bears by and by. What have you done with my horse?"

"Wal," said Will Grant, "there hain't nobody been able to do nothin' with him far as I know. He knows you 're in this house somewhere, and he hangs around, grazin' here and there on the perarie, and comin' to me for a feed of corn. He won't let nobody else come nigh him."

Will sat for a moment, and began to laugh.

" He 'n' I had a lively tussle the other day. I was bound I 'd ride him down to Navarosa—just a little jaunt for to exercise him, ye know. So I got him all saddled and bridled peaceable enough, and was sort o' smilin' to myself as to how well he was behavin', ye see; and I got on all right and said good-by to old Martin and Joe, and started. Wal, he kind o' hesitated, looked all about, and 'parently thought you were a-comin', somewhere. Then he went

Joe laughin' and hollerin' fit to die. When he stopped again I was ready for him, and he did n't throw me; but I got off then of my own accord, and concluded he 'n' I would n't get to Navarosa together."

Weak as I was, I was shaking with laughter when Will made an end. " Never mind," said I; " I 'm going to get out on the platform in a few days, and I 'll be right glad to see him again."

Three days therefrom, I sat bolstered up on



"EVERY DAY HE WAITED FOR MY APPEARANCE, AND CAME TO BE PETTED." (SEE PAGE 607.)

about fifty yards, and seemed of a sudden to get it through him that he 'n' I were on a trip 'long of ourselves. Then he started, and I never was flown about quite so lively before, in my born days. He went like a mad streak for a ways, then brought up as short as a post. Well, sir, I went on, as fur as I could, and when I landed, it war n't in the best order. I picked myself up tearin' mad. I went back to him, and he was lookin' the innocentest, with his two ears pricked forward a-starin' at me, as if 't war n't his fault at all. He let me get on again, the sweetest-tempered you ever see, and then he bolted back again for the corral at the top of his bent, and in he went, with old Martin and

the platform, enjoying the fresh morning, the sunny prairie that stretched beyond the wall to the belt of oaks by the Navarosa River, the blue beauty of the western mountains on the far horizon.

" Hain't seen Rangoon sence last night," said Will Grant. " He would n't be corraled, and kicked up his heels so like all possessed that I told him to clear out; and he cleared."

I drew from my pocket a small silver whistle that I used when my brave horse strayed to some distance and I wished to recall him. It shrilled sweet and clear on the breezy morning, and I waited. No Rangoon.

Three times I blew, and then began seriously

to question whether the patience of my four-footed friend had not given out during the long days of waiting, with never a word from the master he loved; and whether he had not forsaken — hark!

"Somethin' s-a-comin'," said Will, concisely, with his ear to the ground.

"There's more than one," he added, a moment after, and came up the long, broad flight of wooden steps to the platform, whence he could see beyond the wall.

Straight down over the long swell between the ranch and the river, mane and tail afloat on the wind, came Rangoon in a wild, headlong gallop; and behind, urging their agile ponies to furious speed, lasso in hand ready for a throw, rode Sakona, a young Apache chief, and three of his braves. I knew Sakona by sight, and, it seems, he knew me even better.

Wild fellows are the Apaches; I believe they have a reservation now; but if they keep upon it they have changed greatly from what they were when I knew them.

"There's some o' them plaguy redskins!" said Joe Martin. A general, rapid, quiet note of preparation ran through the large, busy household. One of the peons drove the milch-cows and the horses from the yard to the corral, and

muttered angrily, "The Apache rascal knows that hoss. He knows better 'n that!" He flung himself on, bareback, and was off at a gallop through the gates toward the advancing Indians, shouting as he went a perfect torrent of threats and abuse in the Navajo tongue, which Sakona must have been deaf not to understand.

The lassos were poised,—the Indians hesitated. Rangoon still held his course at head-long speed for the gates. I blew my whistle again; I was excited just then. He saw me and neighed wildly. I sat down on the edge of the platform as he came near. He was crazy with delight, and thrust his head up to me to be caressed. He even reared, as if meditating a spring upon the platform. But I restrained him with a word. I was yet weak. Presently he detected the change, the weakness in me. He snuffed curiously at my hands, my arms, as I half reclined on the edge of the platform. He thrust his pink nose into my face with an anxious whinny, as if to say, "What ails you?"

"I think he's sorry for you; don't you, Mr. Ransom?" said little Millie.

Sakona and his braves had stopped in a group on the prairie. Will Grant's gestures, as he talked to them, were extremely forcible; and it was plain that he was laying down the law in emphatic fashion, about running off another man's property.

"They're all comin' here, anyway," observed Joe, after a pause. It was plain Sakona was going to brave it out.

He rode into the yard, dismounted, came up on the platform, and nodded to me.

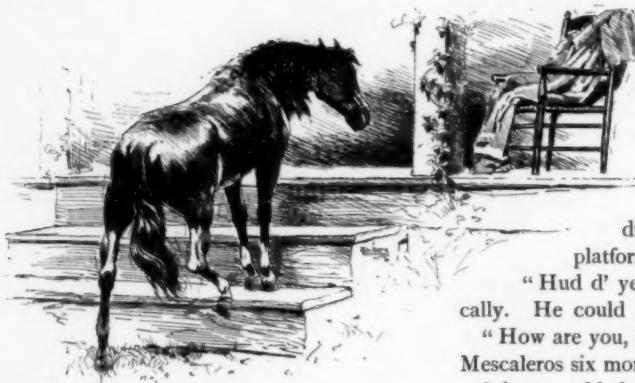
"Hud d' ye?" said the Apache, laconically. He could speak English very well.

"How are you, Sakona? I saw you at Fort Mescaleros six months ago."

Sakona nodded, and his quick eye ran over Rangoon, who stood with his head against my shoulder.

"White man been sick?"

"Pretty sick, Sakona. Too much bear." I drew my finger lightly over the scars on wrist and cheek. The Apache smiled grimly.



"RANGOON SCRAMBLED UP THE STEPS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

fastened the heavy, solid gate. Every man looked to his arms, for no one knew how many Apaches might lurk in that belt of oaks by the river.

Will Grant bridled his roan in haste. He

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"He'll get well soon," said Grant. "He has a good nurse," with a little gesture toward Rangoon.

"What you take for him?" said Sakona.

"Money can't buy that horse," I answered, a trifle shortly; "lassos can't catch him, and no man can ride him but myself."

Sakona grunted, but said nothing. Presently the Indians went away. We watched them out of sight behind the timber.

From that day Rangoon haunted the house. He grazed about the yard, or careered wildly in at one gate and out the other; he scrambled up the steps and promenaded with sounding hoofs on the platform. Every day he waited for my appearance, and came to be petted, and to rub his head on my shoulder; every night he submitted to be corralled by Will Grant.

Nevertheless, getting well was tedious business. My friend Will Grant was determined I should not forget that: scarce a day passed but I received sly thrusts concerning bears and ambushments; and he expressed great fear lest my city habits were creeping back upon me—"sich as goin' ter sleep, nights, with both eyes shut, which we don't do out here; and goin' bear-huntin' after grizzlies on yer own feet instead of yer horse's."

Presently I was able to dispense with pillows, and to walk down the steps by myself. And then one day Will was scandalized by finding Rangoon standing like a post close to the platform, while his master, sound asleep, rested his head and shoulders on Rangoon's back. He showed his teeth in a vicious snap as Will approached, but otherwise preserved immovable rigidity of body, lest he should upset me. Will had been down to Navarosa after the mail. His loud accents awoke me.

"Wal—say! Be ye ever goin' to open your eyes? I shall have to teach ye hunter's craft all over again if ye sleep this fashion. I call that imposin' on a cre'tur's good natur'!—ridin' him daytimes and likewise usin' him for a bed. Here's some letters for ye!"

Then I aroused myself, and sat on the steps to read them. From Herries, Hexam, and my old friend the hunter, Simon Casey. The old hunter's handwriting was cramped and peculiar.

"Mr. Ransom,"—thus ran the hunter's let-

ter,—"I here by Bill you are nerely well, and this is to informe you that Mr. Herries and Mr. Hexam and me will be at East Gorge the furst of Septembar, and exspect you and Bill will meet us. I hop to get thare by the third day at the latest onless we shood eny of us get clawd by a bare as Bill tells me you did.

Respectfully

SIMON CASEY.

P. S. We can take that trip into new Mexsico now as well as not, and throo the lower mountens.

S. C."

My blood quickened as I read. I had been inactive so long; and the trip was one I had looked forward to as soon as Casey's leisure should permit. We should be all together again. Herries and Hexam, my two New York friends, who were out for the benefit of their health, had been overland to Los Angeles with Casey, while I had preferred to go hunting among the mountains with Will.

"Wal," said the latter, "ye look pleased. Go-in' to get well straight away, are ye? What's the old man write?"

I told him. "It is now the 10th of July. There's plenty of time for me to get in order. I'll do it, Will, and I'll ride Rangoon tomorrow!"

"I've always heerd," remarked the guide, beginning to edge cautiously out of the way, "that people had better be slow and sure that go a-huntin' grizzlies afoot and take no common sense along with 'em—"

Here a vigorously flung shoe came within an inch of his head, and he dodged around the corner, putting his nose back to observe, "But then, as I told that Apache, you've had a good nurse!"

I looked up at Rangoon. I remembered that he had scarcely been outside the wall since the day I was first brought out on the platform. He pricked up his ears at Will Grant. I put my arm over his neck.

"My brave old fellow," said I, "I'll live on one meal a day before you and I shall part. If I had stuck to you, instead of leaving you away back in the bushes, the bear would never have got a claw on me, eh, Rangoon?"

He answered by a low whinny. Who will say he did not understand me?

THAT'S THE WAY!

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

JUST a little every day,
That's the way
Seeds in darkness swell and grow,
Tiny blades push through the snow.
Never any flower of May
Leaps to blossom in a burst.
Slowly—slowly—at the first.
That's the way!
Just a little every day.

Just a little every day,
That's the way!
Children learn to read and write,
Bit by bit, and mite by mite.
Never any one, I say,
Leaps to knowledge and its power.
Slowly—slowly—hour by hour.
That's the way!
Just a little every day.

DICK'S DIVE.

BY HOWARD BUNCH.

"AND mind what I told you about not going overboard!" said Captain Chandler, as the long whaleboat left the side of the whaling-schooner "Crocker," which was anchored under the lee of a little island in the Caribbean Sea.

"Yes, sir," meekly answered Dick Thorn, who, as youngest of the crew, generally pulled stroke-oar—that being the lightest and easiest to handle—in the captain's boat.

The entire ship's company were going ashore after fire-wood; but Dick, having a blistered hand, resulting from a twenty-mile pull on the previous day, had, to his secret joy, been left behind.

Like most of the smaller islands in the Caribbean Sea, the neighboring islet had no harborage. Vessels come to anchor under the lee of such places, and lie with mainsail up, ready to get under way at the first indication of a change of wind.

Dick sat contentedly watching the boats as they disappeared around the nearest point, where there was a sort of inlet or cove, in which wreck-stuff and driftwood were usually found in quantities.

"Oh, it seems so good to be alone just for a little while!" said Dick, half aloud, with a great sigh of relief.

He was utterly wearied of the constant rough companionship of the past three months; but for his surroundings he had only himself to blame.

His was the repetition of an old story. A good home and over-indulgent parents, indiscriminate, trashy reading, giving false views of life,—of sea life in particular,—a running away, a vain quest for work as a "cabin-boy," and, as a final result, shipping as a 'fore-mast hand in a Provincetown whaler.

All these scenes came to Dick's mind as he sat on the after-house, swinging his bare feet to and fro, and watching the setting sun.

"Oh, if I only live to get back to father and mother!" thought Dick to himself, as a great sob rose in his throat. He arose abruptly and walked to the vessel's side.

The gangway had been unshipped for the better reception of the driftwood when it should arrive, and Dick gazed abstractedly outboard.

The sea-breeze was dying away. Far and wide the surface of the Caribbean Sea lay re-

flecting the rays of the setting sun, with hardly a ripple on its dark, steely-blue surface.

The gnats and sand-flies were enjoying the heat, as they came in great swarms from the beach, a cable's-length distant, where there were tiny breakers which fell with a cooling sound. But the insects were enjoying life far better than Dick enjoyed *them*.

There were about three fathoms and a half of water under the Crocker's keel; and as Dick turned his gaze downward he saw the anchor a little way off, with one of its flukes partly embedded in the powdered coral, than which not even snow can be whiter.

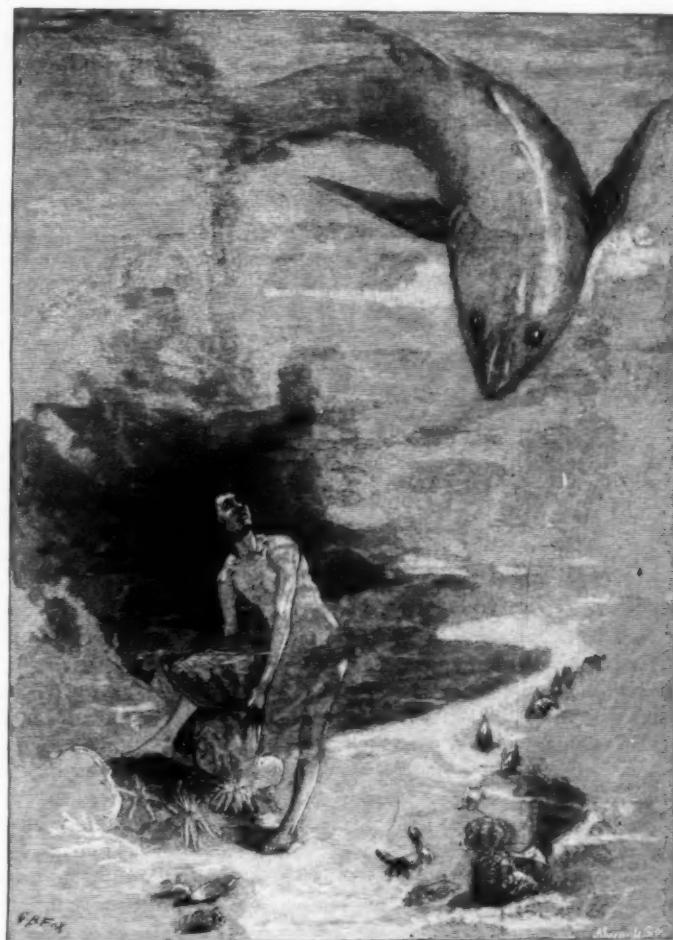
This, together with the clearness and refracting power of the water, made the objects upon the bottom seem almost within reach. Beautifully colored fish swam to and fro among the strange forms of marine growth in this little garden-spot belonging by right to Father Neptune.

Scattered here and there were shells, with their living inmates making scrawly patterns in the powdered coral as they slowly moved from place to place.

There were tritons, and "spine-cups," pink-lipped conch, and many tinted ray-shells, mermaid's-combs, and sea-fans without number, to say nothing of others, of whose names Dick had no idea. But what took his attention most was a huge sponge, attached to the bottom.

Only the day before, Dick had heard Captain

Chandler wishing that he could run across a good big sponge, growing within reach of the boat-hook. And though the captain was sometimes really harsh with him,—especially when Dick, with his heart in his mouth, was pulling



"SUDDENLY DICK WAS CONSCIOUS OF A DARK SHADOW OVERHEAD." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

the best "stroke" he knew how, while the light boat was topping the long seas in eager pursuit of a "fifty-barrel humpback" whale,—he was kind to the boy as a rule, and Dick tried to please him.

"I don't believe he'd mind my going overboard if I could bring up that sponge," said

Dick, looking longingly into the cool depths. For Dick was like a young water-spaniel, and could swim or dive better than any boy in his native seaboard town.

But since the Crocker had been in this particular locality Captain Chandler had forbidden the men to go in bathing, except when they could go in from shore; for in the deeper water about the reefs, the great gray-and-white man-eating sharks were plentiful.

This was a severe deprivation to Dick, who would not have hesitated to go overboard in mid-ocean. Indeed, he had done so more than once when the schooner was becalmed; and he inwardly rebelled against the Captain's decree.

"If there *were* sharks around, I could see a back-fin any distance, in this calm," he thought, as he looked out over the glassy surface of the sea.

And without stopping to argue with himself, off went hat, blue drilling shirt, and overalls, and in less than ten seconds Dick stood in the gangway ready for the dive.

Drawing one long breath, Dick took a splendid header, and clove the water like a pointed stone. Down, down, toward the object of his quest he rapidly swam, but the great transparency of the water had misled him as to its depth, and when he touched the sponge's slimy surface, he was well-nigh spent of breath.

Despite the pressure on his chest and strange singing in his ears, he seized the sponge at the base, and, bracing his feet firmly on the bottom, gave a mighty tug which partially uprooted it.

But even in the act, suddenly he was conscious of a dark shadow directly overhead. "The boat," was his first thought; "a cloud," the second. Then he glanced upward, and between himself and the waning daylight was that most dreaded of sights—a huge gray shark, at least seventeen feet long, curving with gently moving fins directly above him, and about two feet beneath the water's surface.

Small chance is there to think clearly and quickly when the heart is already beginning to beat spasmodically, and one is internally gasping for air in eighteen feet of water. But as Dick gave a final mechanical tug and uprooted the

sponge, the schooner swung slowly over him, and the shark as slowly moved aside.

Shoving with his feet against the bottom, Dick arose like a flash to the surface on the side of the vessel's keel opposite to that on which the shark lay; and, grasping the main channels with a convulsive clutch, he managed somehow to drag himself up, still retaining his hold on the sponge. But he was not a second too soon; the great monster had followed him beneath the keel with a swiftness peculiar to the species when in pursuit of prey; and the vicious snap of its jaws was plainly heard by Dick, as he scrambled over the schooner's edge, and dropped in a half-fainting condition upon the deck.

Half an hour later the boats pulled alongside, and Dick humbly laid his trophy at his captain's feet, telling him at the same time of his narrow escape.

Did Captain Chandler thank him with a kindly smile, or gravely reprove him for foolhardy disobedience?

He did neither. He looked over the quarter where the shark's back-fin was circling about the stern, and measured him with his eye. Then he looked at the sponge, from which the water had been pressed, as it lay in a deck-tub to undergo a certain process of curing. And at length, addressing himself to Dick, he said curtly:

"If I hear of your going overboard again on this cruise, young man, I'll trice you up by the two thumbs in the main rigging and give you a sound rope's-ending!"

But, nevertheless, when the Crocker returned to Provincetown, after an eleven-months' cruise from which no one but the owners profited, and every man of the crew, being as a matter of course brought in debt to the vessel, was left penniless in that not over-hospitable town, Captain Chandler paid out of his own pocket Dick Thorn's fare to his home in Maine.

"Don't you ever let me see you aboard a Provincetown whaler again," he said roughly.

And, thanking him kindly, Dick said that the captain need n't be alarmed—he never would. And he never did.

WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

CHAPTER VII.

OUR MOTHER, MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

OUR mother's story should be sung, rather than said, so much has music to do with it. My earliest recollection of my mother is of her standing by the piano in the great dining-room, dressed in black velvet, with her beautiful neck and arms bare, and singing to us. Her voice was a very rare and perfect one, we have since learned; we knew then only that we did not care to hear any one else sing when we might hear her. The time for singing was at twilight, when the dancing was over, and we gathered breathless and exhausted about the piano for the last and greatest treat. Then the beautiful voice would break out, and flood the room with melody, and fill our childish hearts with almost painful rapture. Our mother knew all the songs in the world; that was our firm belief. Certainly we never found an end to her repertory.

There were German student songs, which she had learned from her brother when he came back from Heidelberg: merry, jovial ditties, with choruses of "Juvevallera!" and "Za hi! Za he! Za ho-o-o-o-o-oh!" in which we joined with boundless enthusiasm. There were gay little French songs, all ripple and sparkle and trill, and soft, melting Italian serenades and barcaroles, which we thought must be like the notes of the nightingale. And when we called to have our favorites repeated again and again, she would sing them over and over with never-failing patience: and not one of us ever guessed, as we listened with all our souls, that the cunning mother was giving us a French lesson, or a German or Italian lesson, as the case might be, and that what was learned in that way would never be forgotten all our lives long.

Besides the foreign songs, there were many songs of our mother's own making, which we

were never weary of hearing. Sometimes she composed a melody for some old ballad, but more often words and music both were hers. Where were such nonsense-songs as hers?

Little old dog sits under the chair,
Twenty-five grasshoppers snarled in his hair.
Little old dog's beginning to snore,
Mother forbids him to do so no more.

Or again:

Hush, my darling, don't you cry!
Your sweetheart will come by and by.
When he comes, he'll come in green,—
That's a sign that you're his queen.

Hush, my darling, don't you cry!
Your sweetheart will come by and by.
When he comes, he'll come in blue,—
That's a sign that he'll be true.

And so on through all the colors of the rainbow, till finally expectation was wrought up to the highest pitch by the concluding lines,

When he comes, he'll come in gray,—
That's a sign he'll come to-day!

Then it was a pleasant thing that each child could have his or her own particular song merely for the asking. Laura well remembers her good-night song, which was sung to the very prettiest tune in the world.

Sleep, my little child,
So gentle, sweet, and mild!
The little lamb is gone to rest,
The little bird is in its nest,—

"Put in the donkey!" cried Laura, at this point of the first singing. "Please put in the donkey!" So the mother went on—

The little donkey in the stable
Sleeps as sound as he is able—
All things now their rest pursue,
You are sleepy too.

It was with this song sounding softly in her ears and with the beautiful hand, like soft warm ivory, stroking her hair, that Laura used to fall asleep. Do you not envy the child?

Maud's songs were perhaps the loveliest of all, though they could not be dearer than my donkey-song. Here is one of them:

Baby with the hat and plume,
And the scarlet cloak so fine,
Come where thou hast rest and room,
Little baby mine!

Whence those eyes so crystal clear?
Whence those curls so silky soft?
Thou art Mother's darling dear,
I have told thee oft.

I have told thee many times,
And repeat it yet again,
Wreathing thee about with rhymes,
Like a flower chain:

Rhymes that sever and unite
As the blossom fetters do,
As the mother's weary night
Happy days renew.

But it was not all singing, of course. Our mother read to us a great deal, too, and told us stories, from the Trojan War down to "Puss in Boots." It was under her care, I think, that we used to look over the "Shakspere book." This was a huge folio, bound in rusty-brown leather, and containing the famous Boydell prints illustrating the plays of Shakspere. The frontispiece represented Shakspere nursed by Tragedy and Comedy—the prettiest, chubbiest of babies, seated on the ground with his little toes curled up under him, while a lovely laughing lady bent down to whisper in his ear, and another one, grave but no less beautiful, gazed earnestly upon him. Then came the "Tempest"—oh, most lovely! The first picture showed Ariel dancing along the "yellow sands," while Prospero waved him on with a commanding gesture; in the second, Miranda, all white and lovely, was coming out of the darksome cavern, and smiling with tender compassion on Ferdinand, who was trying to lift an impossible log. Then there was the delicious terror of the "Macbeth" pictures with the witches and Banquo's ghost. But soon our mother would turn the page and show us the exquisite figure of Puck, sitting on a toadstool, and make us shout with laughter over Nick Bottom and his rustic mates. From these magic pages we learned to hate Richard III. duly, and to love the little princes, whom Northcote's

lovely picture showed in white satin doublet and hose, embracing each other, while the wicked uncle glowered at them from behind; and we wept over the second picture, where they lay asleep, unconscious of the fierce faces bending over them. Yes, we loved the Shakspere book very much.

Sometimes our mother would give us a party,—a delightful affair, with charades, or magic lantern, or something of the kind. Here is an account of one, written by our mother herself, in a letter to her sister:

"I have written a play for our doll theater, and performed it yesterday afternoon, with great success. It occupied nearly an hour. I had alternately to grunt and squeak the parts, while Chev played the puppets." ("Chev" was the name by which she always called our father; it was an abbreviation of "Chevalier," for he was always to her the "knight without reproach or fear.") "The effect was really extremely good. The spectators were in a dark room, and the little theater, lighted by a lamp from the top, looked very pretty."

This may have been the play of "Beauty and the Beast," of which the manuscript is unhappily lost. I can recall but one passage:

But he thought on "Beauty's" flower,
And he popped into a bower,
And he plucked the fairest rose
That grew beneath his nose.

I remember the theater well, and the puppets. They were quite unearthly in their beauty, all except the "Beast," a strange fur-covered monstrosity. The "Prince" was gilded in a most enchanting manner, and his mustache curled with an expression of royal pride. I have seen no other prince like him.

All this was at Green Peace; but many as are the associations with her beloved presence there, it is at the Valley that I most constantly picture our mother. She loved the Valley more than any other place on earth, I think, so it is always pleasant to fancy her there. Study formed always an important part of her life. It was her delight and recreation, when wearied with household cares, to plunge into German metaphysics, or into the works of the Latin poets, whom she greatly loved.

Our mother's books!—alas, that we should

have been so familiar with the outside of them, and have known so little of the inside! There was Tacitus, who was high-shouldered, and pleasant to handle, being bound in smooth brown calf. There was Kant, who could not spell his own name (we thought it ought to begin with a C!). There was Spinoza, whom we fancied a hunchback with a long, thin, vibrating nose.

Very, very much our mother loved her books. Yet how quickly were they laid aside when any head was bumped, any knee scratched, any finger cut. When we tumbled down and hurt ourselves, our father always cried, "Jump up and take another!" and that was very good for us, but our mother's kiss made it easier to jump up.

The Latin books could be brought out under the apple-trees: even Kant and Spinoza sometimes came there, though I doubt whether they enjoyed the fresh air; but our mother had other work besides study, and many of her most precious hours were spent each day at the little black table in her own room, where papers lay heaped like snowdrifts. Here she wrote the beautiful poems, the brilliant essays, the earnest and thoughtful addresses, which have given pleasure and help and comfort to so many people throughout the length and breadth of the land. Many of her words have become household sayings which we could not spare; but there is one poem which every child knows, at whose opening line every heart, from youth to age, must thrill—"The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Thirty years have passed since this noble poem was written. It came in that first year of the war, like the sound of a silver trumpet, like the flash of a lifted sword; and all men felt that this was the word for which they had been waiting. You shall hear, in our mother's own words, how it came to be written.

"In the late autumn of the year 1861 I visited the national capital in company with my husband, Dr. Howe, and a party of friends, among whom were Governor and Mrs. Andrew, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Whipple, and my dear pastor, Rev. James Freeman Clarke.

"The journey was one of vivid, even romantic interest. We were about to see the grim Demon

of War face to face; and long before we reached the city his presence made itself felt in the blaze of fires along the road where sat or stood our pickets, guarding the road on which we traveled.

"One day we drove out to attend a review of troops, appointed to take place some distance from the city. In the carriage with me were James Freeman Clarke and Mr. and Mrs. Whipple.



JULIA WARD HOWE.

ple. The day was fine, and everything promised well, but a sudden surprise on the part of the enemy interrupted the proceedings before they were well begun. A small body of our men had been surrounded and cut off from their companions; reinforcements were sent to their assistance, and the expected pageant was necessarily given up. The troops who were to have taken part in it were ordered back to their quarters, and we also turned our horses' heads homeward.

"For a long distance the foot-soldiers nearly filled the road. They were before and behind, and we were obliged to drive very slowly. We presently began to sing some of the well-known songs of the war, and among them,

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave.

This seemed to please the soldiers, who cried, 'Good for you!' and themselves took up the strain. Mr. Clarke said to me, 'You ought to write some new words to that tune.' I replied that I had often wished to do so.

"In spite of the excitement of the day, I went to bed and slept as usual; but awoke next morning in the gray of the early dawn, and to my astonishment found that the wished-for lines were arranging themselves in my brain. I lay quite still until the last verse had completed itself in my thoughts, then hastily rose, saying to myself, 'I shall lose this if I don't write it down immediately.' I searched for a sheet of paper and an old stump of a pen which I had had the night before, and began to scrawl the lines almost without looking, as I had learned to do by often scratching down verses in the darkened room where my little children were sleeping. Having completed this, I lay down again and fell asleep, but not without feeling that something of importance had happened to me.

"The poem was published soon after this time in the *Atlantic Monthly*. It first came prominently into notice when Chaplain McCabe, newly released from Libby Prison, gave a lecture in Washington, and in the course of it told how he and his fellow-prisoners, having somehow become possessed of a copy of the 'Battle Hymn,' sang it with a will in their prison, on receiving surreptitious tidings of a Union victory."

Our mother's genius might soar as high as heaven on the wings of such a song as this; but we always considered that she was tied to our little string, and we never doubted (alas!) our perfect right to pull her down to earth whenever a matter of importance, such as a doll's funeral or a sick kitten, was at hand.

To her our confidences were made, for she had a rare understanding of the child-mind. We were always sure that mama knew "just how it was."

To her did Julia, at the age of five, or it may have been six, impart the first utterances of her infant Muse. "Mama," said the child, trembling with delight and awe, "I have made a poem, and set it to music!" Of course our

mother was deeply interested, and begged to hear the composition; whereupon, encouraged by her voice and smile, Julia sang as follows:

"I had a little boy, he died when he was young,
As soon as he was dead, he walked upon his tongue."

Our mother's ear for music was exquisitely fine: so fine, that when she was in her own room, and a child, practising below-stairs, played a false note, she would open her door and cry, "B flat, dear! not B natural!" This being so, it was grievous to her when one day, during her precious study hour, Harry came and chanted outside her door:

"Hong-kong! hong-kong! hong-kong!"

"Harry!" she cried, "do stop that dreadful noise!" But when the little lad showed a piteous face, and said reproachfully, "Why, Mama, I was singing to you!" who so ready as our mother to listen to the funny song and thank the child for it?

When ten-year-old Laura wrote, in a certain precious little volume bound in Scotch plaid, "Whence these longings after the infinite?" (I cannot remember any more!) be sure that if any eyes were suffered to rest upon the sacred lines, they were those kind, clear, understanding gray eyes of our mother.

Through all, and round all, like a laughing river, flowed the current of her wit and fun. No child could be sad in her company. If we were cold, there was a merry bout of "fisticuffs" to warm us; if we were too warm, there was a song or story while we sat still and "cooled off." We all had nicknames, our own names being often too sober to suit her laughing mood. We were "Petotty," "Jehu," "Wolly," and "Bunks of Bunktown."

On one occasion our mother's presence of mind saved the life of the child Laura, then a baby of two years old. We were all staying at the Institution for some reason, and the nursery was in the fourth story of the lofty building. One day our mother came into the room, and to her horror saw little Laura rolling about on the broad window-sill, the window being wide open; only a few inches space between her and the edge, and then—the street, fifty feet below! The nurse was—I know not where; anywhere save

where she ought to have been. Our mother stepped quickly and quietly back out of sight, and called gently, "Laura, come here, dear! Come to me! I have something to show you." A moment's agonized pause—and then she heard the little feet patter on the floor, and in another instant held the child clasped in her arms. If she had screamed, or rushed forward, the child would have started, and probably would have fallen and been dashed to pieces.

It was very strange to us to find other children holding their revels without their father and mother. "Papa and Mamma" were always the life and soul of ours.

Our mother's letters to her sister are delightful, and abound in allusion to the children. In one of them she playfully upbraids her sister for want of attention to the needs of the baby of the day, in what she calls "Family Trochaics":

Send along that other pink shoe
You have been so long in knitting!
Are you not ashamed to think that
Wool was paid for at Miss Carman's
With explicit understanding
You should knit it for my baby,
And that baby 's now a-barefoot,
While your own, no doubt, has choice of
Pink, blue, yellow—every color,
For its little drawn-up toe-toes,
For its toe-toes, small as green peas,
Counted daily by the mother,
To be sure that none is missing?

Our mother could find amusement in almost anything. Even a winter day of pouring rain, which made other housewives groan and shake their heads at thought of the washing, could draw from her the following lines:

THE RAINY DAY.

(After Longfellow.)

The morn was dark, the weather low,
The household fed by gaslight show,
When from the street a shriek arose:
The milkman, bellowing through his nose,
Expluvior!

The butcher came, a walking flood,
Drenching the kitchen where he stood,
"Deucalion is your name, I pray?"
"Moses!" he choked and slid away.
Expluvior!

The neighbor had a coach and pair,
To struggle out and take the air,

Slip-slop, the loose galoshes went,
I watched his paddling with content.
Expluvior!

A wretch came floundering up the ice
(The rain had washed it smooth and nice),
Two ribs stove in above his head,
As, turning inside out, he said,
Expluvior!

No doubt, alas! we often imposed upon the tenderness of this dear mother. She was always absent-minded, and of this quality advantage was sometimes taken. One day, when guests were dining with her, Harry came and asked if he might do something that happened to be against the rules. "No, dear!" said our mother, and went on with the conversation. In a few moments Harry was at her elbow again with the same question, and received the same answer. This was repeated an indefinite number of times; at length our mother awoke suddenly to the absurdity of it, and, turning to the child, said, "Harry, what do you mean by asking me this question over and over again, when I have said 'no,' each time?" "Because," was the reply, "Flossy said that if I asked often enough, you would say yes!"

I am glad to say that our mother did *not* "say yes" on this occasion.

It was worth while to have measles and things of that sort: not because one had stewed prunes and cream-toast—oh, no! but because our mother sat by us, and sang "Lord Thomas and Fair Elinor," or some mystic ballad.

The walks with her are never to be forgotten. Twilight walks round the hill behind the house, with the wonderful sunset deepening over the bay, turning all the world to gold and jewels; or through the Valley itself, the lovely wild glen, with its waterfall and its murmuring stream, and the solemn Norway firs, with their warning fingers. The stream was clear as crystal, its rocky banks fringed with jewel-weed and rushes; the level sward was smooth and green as emerald. By the waterfall stood an old mill, whose black walls looked down on a deep brown pool, into which the foaming cascade fell with a musical, rushing sound. I have described the Valley very fully elsewhere,* but cannot resist dwelling on its beauty again, in connection with our mother, who loved so to

* In the book "Queen Hildegarde."

wander through it, or to sit with her work under the huge ash-tree in the middle, where our father had placed seats and a rustic table. Here, and in the lovely, lonely fields, as we walked, our mother talked with us, and we might share the rich treasures of her thought.

And oh! the words that fell from her mouth
Were words of wonder and words of truth.

One such word, dropped in the course of conversation, as the maiden in the fairy-story dropped diamonds and pearls, comes now to my mind, and I shall write it here, because it is good to think of and to say over to one's self.

I gave my son a palace
And a kingdom to control:
The palace of his body,
The kingdom of his soul.

In the Valley, too, many famous parties and picnics were given. The latter are to be remembered with especial delight. A picnic with our mother, and one without her, are two very different things. I never knew that a picnic could be dull, till I grew up and went to one where that brilliant, gracious presence was lacking. The games we played! the songs we sang! the garlands of oak and maple-leaves that we wove, listening to the gay talk if we were little, joining in it when we were older. The simple feast, and then the improvised charades or tableaux, always merry, often graceful and lovely! Ah! these are things to remember!

Our mother's hospitality was boundless. She loved to fill the little house to overflowing in summer days, when every one was glad to get out into the fresh green country. Often the beds were all filled, and we children had to take to sofas and cots; once, I remember, Harry slept on a mattress laid on top of the piano, there being no other vacant spot.

Sometimes strangers as well as friends shared this kindly hospitality. I well remember one wild stormy night, when two men knocked at the door and begged for a night's lodging. They were walking to the town, they said, five miles distant, but had been overtaken by the storm. The people at the farm-house near by had refused to take them in; there was no other shelter near. Our mother hesitated a

moment. Our father was away; the old coachman slept in the barn, at some distance from the house. She was alone with the children and the two maids, and Julia was ill with a fever. These men might be vagabonds, or worse. Should she let them in? Then, perhaps, she may have heard, amid the howling of the storm, a voice which she has followed all her life, saying, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in!" She bade the men enter, in God's name, and gave them food, and then led them to an upper bedroom, cautioning them to tread softly as they passed the door of the sick child's room.

Well, that is all. Nothing happened. The men proved to be quiet, respectable persons, who departed, thankful, the next morning.

The music of our mother's life is still sounding on, noble, helpful, and beautiful. Many people may still look into her serene face, and hear her silver voice; and no one will look or hear without being the better for it. I cannot close this chapter better than with some of her own words: a poem which I wish every child—and every grown person, too—who reads this might learn by heart.

A PARABLE.

"I sent a child of mine to-day;
I hope you used him well."

"Now, Lord, no visitor of yours
Has waited at my bell."

"The children of the millionaire
Run up and down our street;
I glory in their well-combed hair,
Their dress and trim complete."

"But yours would in a chariot come
With thoroughbreds so gay,
And little merry maids and men
To cheer him on his way."

"Stood, then, no child before your door?"
The Lord, persistent, said.

"Only a ragged beggar-boy,
With rough and frowzy head."

"The dirt was crusted on his skin,
His muddy feet were bare;
The cook gave victuals from within.
I cursed his coming there."

What sorrow, silvered with a smile,
Glides o'er the face divine?
What tenderest whisper thrills rebuke?
"The beggar-boy was mine!"

(To be continued.)

Kenniboy's Problems

By John Kendrick Bangs

Questions
asked
at Breakfast
time



Why does milk and water spill?

Why does knives cut chickens up?

Why does good things make me ill?

Why does cracks come in my cup?

What's inside of lima beans?

Why does little boys have names?

Why ain't Papas ever Queens?

Why does fire come in flames?

Why does apples grow on trees?

What's the use of hired men?

Why don't table legs have

Why don't six come [knees?

after ten?



THE VIREO'S NEST.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.



MOLLY was sitting snugly between the roots of a big sycamore that grew on the edge of the river—a small, deep, quiet river that ran through the forest with many a delightful curve, closely shaded by overhanging trees. It was mid-afternoon, and warm out in the sunshine, though

June had just come in, and the air was alive with the winging and singing of countless insects and birds—all so active that Molly's idleness seemed almost a reproach to her.

Not that she was altogether idle. She had her sewing, though the stitches were few, if not far between; and she had been watching attentively the curious behavior of some large black ants that had their home in a hollow of the old tree. Just now, however, these were forgotten, and the girl was doing a little thinking.

Suddenly this was interrupted by the rhythmic rattle of oar-locks, and she glanced up to see Jack Deane come swinging round the bend below, with strong strokes. Already he was almost within hailing distance. The lad was a great chum of hers, and the girl's reverie vanished like a broken bubble.

"Oh, Jack!" she called out, "where are you going?"

The rower lifted his blades and turned his head at the cheery summons.

"Hallo, Molly! I'm only taking a little spin up the creek to see how my birds are getting on. Want to come along?"

"Of course I do. Just let me run up the garden and tell mama"; and, darting away, she was back again almost as soon as Jack could get the boat ready for his passenger at the foot of the tree.

"Jack," Molly declared impressively, as she settled herself in the stern-sheets and gathered up the tiller-ropes—"Jack, I'm in deep, deep trouble."

"Dreadful!" and as the lad leaned forward for a new stroke he glanced at her inquiringly from under the brim of his straw hat. "How deep? Profound as that hole over there by the white-thorn where the big bass lies?"

"Ah,—is n't he a sly old fish? But I'll catch him yet! Yes, my troubles are deeper than that; so there's no use trying to drown them in *that* hole."

"No? What's the nature of your complaint?"

"I'm dying for a pair of slippers."

"Bless me! Why, I've an old pair I'll gladly give you to save your life. Jolly girls are too scarce to let one go without an effort."

"Quit teasing, and let me tell you. You know Nettie Gray is going to give a party next week—a very fine party, indeed, for that friend of hers from Chicago; and I'm invited. Are you listening?"

"With all my ears. Go ahead!"

"Well, I've got a pretty dress and other fixings that will do, except nice shoes. I can't wear these, you know, at an evening party"; and she pointed with hopeless dismay to a pair of boots which, however serviceable and shapely, were never designed, certainly, for party wear. "And it happens to be my birthday, too, and Nettie said she chose that day on purpose, and so I really *ought* to go, and yet how can I?"

Deane knew better than to propose buying a new pair. He understood well enough that Molly's widowed mother could n't afford this bit of finery,—that, at any rate, Molly thought she could n't and would n't ask her,—or nothing would have been said about it. So he had nothing to reply, except that it was an

awful shame, or something equally wise and comforting, and steadily forced the boat along the winding lane of water, which was flecked with dancing patches of the spring sunshine that came down between the leaves, as if to show them how, a few months later, they themselves would be bobbing and whirling down the current.

"I wish," sighed Molly, after a bit of silence, "that we girls had some way of earning a dollar, now and then, for such odds and ends of



"JACK STEADILY FORCED THE BOAT ALONG THE WINDING LANE OF WATER."

uses." And then, as if well aware that the lad had no method of money-making to propose, she dismissed the subject, and went to talking about the ants she had been watching on the sycamore.

"They were as busy as they could be—dozens of 'em—in carrying out little white bundles, cocoons, I suppose, twice as big as themselves, and throwing them down to other ants at the foot of the tree."

"Probably they were the cocoons of some intruder, like a carpenter-bee, which they were turning out of doors," said Jack.

"So I thought; but they were cute about it, for though once in a while they would bring out a small cocoon and simply throw it on the ground and leave it, they never failed to carry all of the big kind to the edge of the water and toss them into it, sometimes having to go down a second time and shove them off when they fell a little short. Wasn't that sharp? Now, those ants must have known that it was necessary to drown those big nuisances, but that they needn't take the trouble with the little

ones. Oh, stop a minute! What sort of nest is that?"

The oarsman checked his headway, and gazed where the girl pointed to a lovely basket of thin bark and spider's web suspended underneath a fork in the limb of a hazel-bush that stretched over the water, where a rivulet struggled out through a tangle of lily-pads.

"That's a vireo's nest," he answered, as he caught sight of it. "A redeye's, I guess—yes, there's the owner"; and he pointed to a small, sleek, greenish bird, which Molly recognized as one she had often seen in the garden; as for the red eyes, she took those for granted, knowing that Jack was a trained ornithologist.

"Are there other kinds of vireos?" Molly asked as they glided on, waving her hand at the same moment to a couple of young friends who were lazily fishing from the bank.

"Oh, yes, a good many, and one I am especially on the lookout for just now. Professor Frankenstein wants its nest and eggs for the National Museum."

"Is it rare?"

"The birds are not so very uncommon; but most of them go on to Hudson's Bay or some other place away north to pass the summer, and consequently their nests and eggs are almost unobtainable. That's the way with lots of birds that pass through here in large numbers on their migrations in spring and fall. But sometimes two or three are wounded, or hurt so that they can't travel well, or stay behind their fellows for some other reason, and so, once in a while, they pair and build a home down here where we can get a look at it."

"In fact, the only nest of this bird that is known is said to have been taken on this very river, and we have been looking for another straggler ever since. So you see it's rare enough to make Frankenstein quite willing to give a big exchange or a good price in cash; and the finding of it would be a feather in my cap besides."

By this time the boat had come to a place, about a mile above the starting-point, where

another stream came in, and the banks were low, swampy, and covered with a jungle of trees and tangled brush.

"There are some painted-cups," cried Molly. "See how they flame in the shadows, like candles set out among the weeds! Let's get some of them and then go back."

"All right," said Jack, as he turned the boat

THE VIREO.



shoreward;
"only give me
a minute or two
to look round in the
swamp a bit."

Stepping out where a piece of dry land was raised around the roots of a great beech, he held the prow firm until Molly had leaped from the gunwale to the bank.

Securing the boat, Jack jumped from root to tussock and from tussock to root, peering about among the foliage, and exploring the shadowy swamp for nests. But none met his eye, except a robin's that had been abandoned, and presently he returned, with his hands full of the painted-cups and some lovely pink orchids to add to the few the girl had been able to reach without wetting her feet.

Jack was loosening the chain, and Molly was just stepping into the boat again, when she happened to glance up, and by one of those curious "accidents" which often come to good observers and rarely to careless eyes, she caught sight of another bird-home, high up on the pliant tip of a branch which reached out over the river.

"There's another redeye's nest," she announced, and Jack snapped shut again the lock of the chain and looked upward.

"I guess not," he replied, after studying it a minute.

"It's some kind of vireo's, anyhow," the girl persisted, a trifle piqued by her mistake.

"Oh, of course — wait, there's the bird."

Drawing from his pocket the opera-glass which he always carried, the young naturalist scanned intently the restless little creature flitting about the nest, now and then alighting upon its rim as if uncertain whether it dare enter in the presence of these spectators.

"Great Jupiter!" he exclaimed, when at last he got a good look at it. "I believe it is — I'm sure of it! Ginger! Yes, there's the pale sulphur and white underneath, and the white line over the eye, and the size is all right. It's *it*, sure!"

"What do you mean by '*it*'?" Molly demanded with some indignation.

To see this excited young man, with an opera-glass glued to his eyes, dancing up and down and uttering riddles was exasperating.

"It? Why, the golden-vested vireo, of course."

"Indeed! What of that?"

This patronizing young enthusiast was becoming insufferable.

"Why, Molly, that's the rarity Professor Frankenstein wants!"

Now it was the girl's turn to give a little scream and seize the glass, which showed her that both the bird and the nest, while in general resembling the redeye and its home, were in many particulars very distinct.



"THERE'S ANOTHER REDEYE'S NEST," MOLLY ANNOUNCED.

"And will he give you five dollars for that nest?"

"If there are eggs in it; — maybe more."

"Let's get it right away?"

"Bright girl! Go and bring it down. I only wish *I* could."

The nest was far out, rocking gently at the extremity of a limb which would scarcely bear the weight of a kitten, and to climb there was out of the question; nor was any other limb near enough to furnish a stronger means of approach.

"We don't even know whether it contains any eggs," said Molly.

"No; but I reckon I can settle that point."

Throwing off his coat, he put his opera-glass in his vest pocket, and began to climb the tree. Molly forgot her flowers and watched him eagerly, as he scrambled like a sailor up to a crotch some distance above the nest-limb, where a large branch bent outward from the trunk. Making his way cautiously out upon this, he tried here and there to look down through the leaves and get a glimpse of the interior of the cradle, but found it very difficult.

"That's a keen bird," he called down. "She not only goes out to the tip of a limb so thin that no coon or other egg-stealer would dare trust his weight to it, but she chooses a place under leaves so thick that any prowling crow would pass by it nine times out of ten."

"It's plain enough from here," said Molly.

"No doubt; but tree-building birds have n't much to fear from enemies on the ground, and don't seem to care whether the bottom of the nest can be seen or not."

At last Jack shouted that he had found a chink, and could count four eggs; but that he could not see any way to get within reach of them. Then he came down, and the two sat on the edge of the boat and beat their brains for some plan by which to obtain the prize.

"Could n't you saw off the limb?" Mollie asked.

"No—not in that place. The eggs would surely be smashed."

Silence again.

"I've an idea," said the girl, suddenly.

"Hang on to it, tight!" her companion exhorted her.

"How near can you get to the nest by creeping out on that big limb above it?"

"Oh, to within a dozen feet or so, maybe."

"As near as that? Then go and cut a straight, light, and pretty stiff pole."

"What's that for?"

"Never you mind, Jack Deane. Just run and do as I tell you."

"Here you are," he reported, a few minutes later. "What next?"

Putting her hand up to her head, the girl drew out a long hair-pin, and began to pull its points apart until she held a nearly straight piece of wire.

Then, while her companion watched her curiously, she bent this around the butt of the pole until she had shaped it into a loop; and this done she called for cord.

"There's a stout fish-line in the boat," Jack informed her. "Will a piece of that do?"

"The very thing. Get it for me, please, and then split the end of that pole just a little bit."

When this had been done, she put the ends of the wire into the crevice, and, while Jack held the pole firm, bound the wire tightly in place.

The boy had n't the slightest notion of what all this meant, and was still more mystified



"JACK POKED THE POLE DOWN THROUGH A SPACE IN THE TWIGS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

when Molly drew from her pocket a handkerchief—"Fortunately it's an old one, about used up," she explained, with a laugh—and began to bind it on to the wire loop, so that it formed a small bag.

"Now," the girl exclaimed, her eyes sparkling, "here's a nice little scoop. If you can reach down from that upper limb and roll the eggs into it, one by one, you can dip them all out and hand them down to me. Then you can come back to-morrow, saw off the limb, and save the nest. Is n't that a good plan?"

"It's worth trying, anyhow," Jack agreed, and started up the tree again. Molly handed him the scoop when he paused on the lowest limbs, and watched him make his way as far as he dared out over the nest, where the poor bird, whose treasures were to be sacrificed, as such treasures must be now and then, to human science, was flying about in great excitement.

Twisting his legs firmly around the yielding branch, Jack poked the pole down through a space in the twigs, and satisfied himself, to Molly's delight, that it was long enough. Then, with the extreme steadiness and gentleness of hand, he insinuated the small scoop into the nest, and little by little moved the instrument until at last he saw one of the delicate, pink-dotted eggs roll into the folds of the soft handkerchief.

Carefully withdrawing the scoop, he made his way slowly down the trunk, until he could hand the pearly freight to his companion, who had made a safe receptacle for it in a small box which she found in the boat.

It took a long time, and all of that patience and delicate touch which a student of nature must cultivate, to secure, one by one, the precious eggs; but at last all four were safe in the box, and the two friends were spinning homeward in gay mood.

"Molly," said Jack abruptly, stopping his oars as the old sycamore came into sight again. "I'm going to give you your half now.

You know I don't need it for anything at present."

"My half of what, pray tell?"

"Of the five dollars this nest and eggs will bring."

"Why, that's all yours!"

"No, not all. Did n't you see the nest first? Besides, I never could have got it if it had n't been for your ingenuity. I think really you are entitled to the whole figure; but I'm going



"'LOOK AT MY NEW SHOES,' MOLLY SAID SOFTLY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

to give you half, anyway. I'll get paid in a day or two."

Molly stoutly declined, but Jack insisted, and when he tossed two dollars and a half into her lap she kept it, because she saw he really wished her to.

When the right evening came, a few days afterward, Jack presented himself, a little late, at Nettie Gray's party. He had shaken hands with his hostess, and chatted a moment with the young lady from Chicago, and was elbowing his way through the crowded hall, when he felt a hand on his coat-sleeve and bent over the

newel-post to find Molly sitting on the stairs and smiling up at him, her eyes brimful of mischief.

"Look at my new shoes," she said softly, exposing the dainty toes for his inspection.

"They are beautiful!" he declared ecstatically. "How do you feel?"

"I feel as if I were walking on eggs," she laughed back.

"And look at your new hair-pin, until your next birthday," he answered gaily, slipping a golden trifle into her braids to replace the one destroyed in emptying the vireo's nest.



COMPENSATION.

BY VICTOR MAPES.

A POOR old farmer's only son,
A little laddie, strong and plucky,
It happened, as the fates were spun,
Was born what people dub as "lucky."

That is to say, from morn till night
He plowed, or hoed, or did the churning;
And thumbed at eve, by candle-light,
Old books, to get a little learning.

And by his "luck" it came about
That to the town he thought he'd die him;
And some old merchant sought he out,
Who, as a kindness, said he'd try him.

And there his "luck" stayed by him still—
He toiled, and toiled, and kept on thrifty,
And millions left he in his will
When sudden death said, "Come!" at fifty.

This wealthy townsman left one heir
He'd brought up as became his station,
Free from struggle, toil, and care,
His only pest his education.

This easy-going, cultured youth,
Like other scions, now a many,

Got all the millions, though forsooth
The rascal never'd earned a penny.

And when he learned how much he had,
This young man thought, and he reflected,
And pondered, till he grew most sad,
How piles of gold were best directed.

He did n't think to make it more,
Nor thought he how 't was best to lend it;
The problem he kept pondering o'er
Was—how, the happiest way, to spend it?

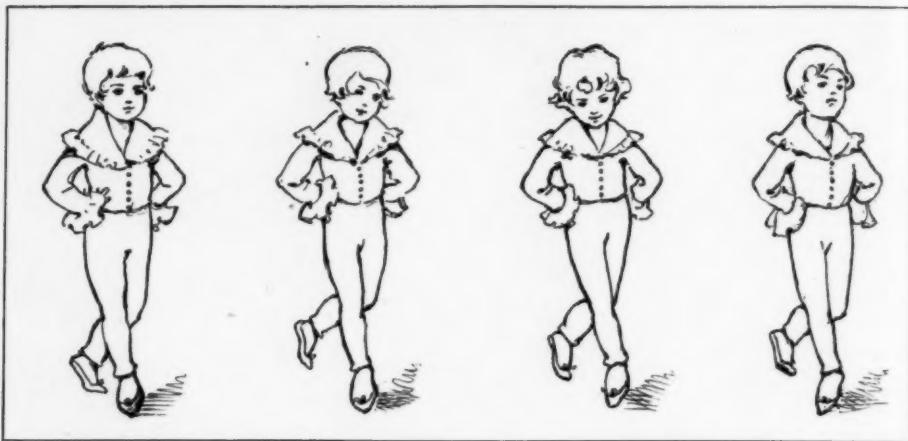
The rich youth's friends, "He's daft," they said,
For, after pondering very slowly,
He left th' ambitious life he'd led,
And lived and gave among the lowly.

And thus the cranky, rich man's son
Could do no better than keep giving;
And when his sands of life were run
He left naught but a moderate living.

Yet, when this spendthrift's summons came,
A glorious statue was erected;—
The thrifty, "lucky" father's name,
Who made the fortune, was neglected.

A LAWN DANCE FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

BY L. A. BRADBURY.



[FOUR boys dance in, one behind another, their hands on their hips, and go to places at one side, while a group of singers sing as follows:]

(AIR: *Sur le pont d'Avignon.*)

Musical notation for the first part of the song, featuring a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key of G major. The lyrics "See the fun just be - gun, They are" are written below the notes.

Musical notation for the second part of the song, continuing from the previous page. The lyrics "danc-ing, they are danc-ing! See the fun just be -" are written below the notes.

Musical notation for the third part of the song, continuing from the previous page. The lyrics "gun, They are danc-ing, ev -'ry one!" are written below the notes.

(All the boys bow to the company.)

Musical notation for the final part of the song, concluding with the lyrics "Gen - tle - men all do like this;—".

(Boys bow to each other, two and two.)

Musical notation for the final bowing section of the song, showing a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key of G major. The lyrics "And then they do like this." are written below the notes.



A GROUP OF SINGERS.



[The boys balance, or mark time, in their places, while four girls dance in and take places opposite the boys, at some distance; the singers singing as follows, to the same music as was sung for the entrance of the boys:]

In the shade, in the sun,
They are dancing, they are dancing!
In the shade, in the sun,
They are dancing, every one!

All the ladies do like this,—
[The girls courtesy to the company, and the boys bow again.]

And then they do like this.

[Girls courtesy to each other, two and two; boys bow in the same way. During the singing of the next stanza, the boys take hands, the girls do the same, and the two lines dance toward each other, meeting in the middle, where they take partners and form a square (quadrille).]

Oh, what joy! Oh, what fun!
They are dancing, they are dancing!
Oh, what joy! Oh, what fun!
They are dancing, every one!

All the dancers do like this,—

[All bow and courtesy to partners.]

And then they do like this.

[All bow and courtesy to corners. The music then changes. During the singing of the next stanza all join hands and go round to the left.]

(1) Here they go a - round, round,

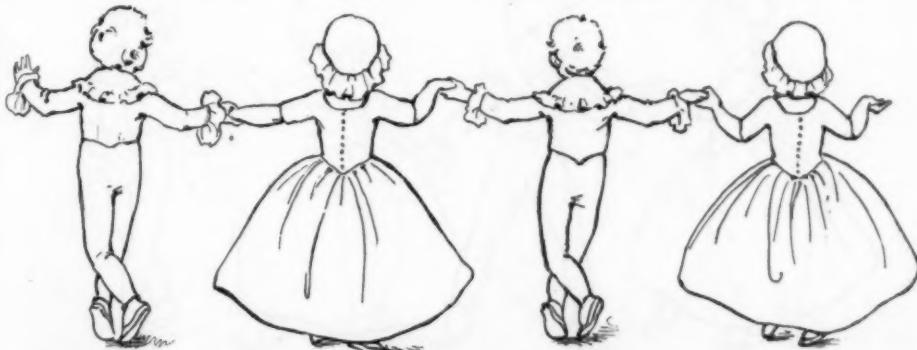
(2) Here in hand a - round, round,

Here they go to - geth - er, Here they go a -

Hand in hand to - geth - er, Here they go a -

round, round, Round - y round they go!

round, round, Round - y round they go!





[On the repetition of the music (2), partners cross hands and promenade, going to the right.]

[All face partners, give right hand, and pass by, giving left hand to the next person, and so on round to places again (grand right and left), while the singers sing as follows:]

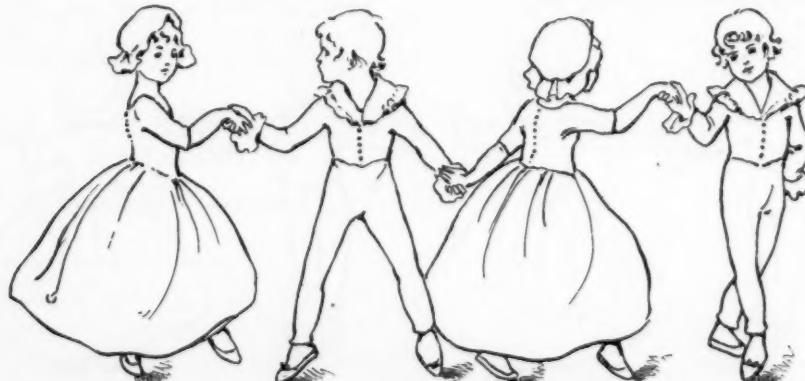
(1) Right hand and left hand and right hand a -
gain, Right hand to la - dy, and gai - ly they

oth - er, Righthand and left hand and right hand a -
read - y, Righthand to la - dy, and gal - ly they

(2) Right hand to la - dy, and gai - ly they
gain, Right hand and left hand, this and the
go, Turn with the left hand, nim - ble and

gain, Dancing a mer - ry Eng - lish chain.
go, Mer - ry go round and turn me, oh!

[On the repetition of the music (2), girls cross right hands in the middle, swing half round, give left hand to opposite boy, and turn; girls cross right hands again, swing half round, and turn partners.]





[Music as at first. During the singing of the first part of the music (1), all balance and turn partners, then form a line, facing the company.]



(1) Rath - er tired, al - most done, They are
 (2) La la la la la la La la

dane-ing, they are dauc-ing, Rath - er tired, al - most
 la la la la la la La la In, La, la

FINE.
 done, They are dane-ing ev - 'ry one!
 la, La, la la la la la la!

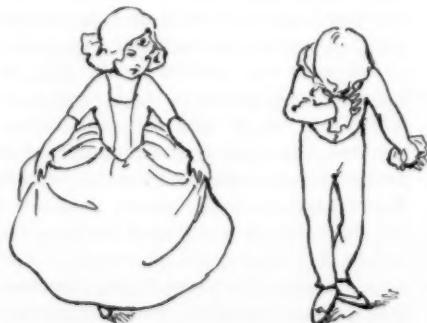
All the dane - ers do like this,—

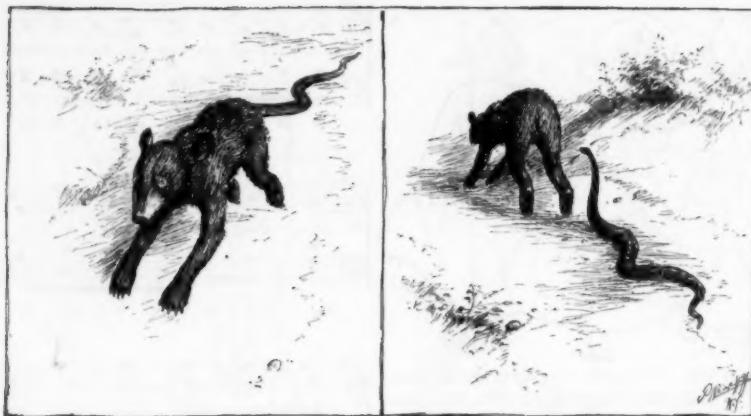
D. C. above.
 And then they do like this.

[All bow and courtesy to partners, and then to the company.]

[After making their bows and courtesies, the children dance off in single file, while the singers sing "La la la," etc., to the first part of the music.]

NOTE.—The costume for the children may be as elaborate as one pleases. A court dress of the last century—satin and velvet embroidered, brocades, silk stockings, white wigs and patches—would be quaint and handsome; dress of clown and columbine would be striking; but the simplest change from ordinary wear is here represented: broad neck-ruffs and sleeve-ruffles for the boys, mob-caps for the girls. The ruffs may be of mosquito-netting, and the mob-caps can be of a simple pattern.





CHASED BY A SNAKE—A STARTLING OPTICAL ILLUSION.

RED AND BLACK.

(*A Story of the Hampton school.*)

BY FRANCES C. SPARHAWK.

TEN little heads much closer together than the position of the ten chairs which held the owners of these same heads would warrant, showed that the discussion going on was most interesting and animated. And what black little heads! How came it that they all were of the same color? This is not usual when a group of little girls come together in the comradeship of work or of play, or even when they count themselves "Ten Times One."

One of the heads was lifted suddenly.

Ah! Here was one mystery explained. For this little face was not that of a white child, but of an Indian. But the others? One by one (not at all to display of what race they were, for they were not thinking of themselves), all the faces came into view. Yes, they were all Indian. Some were plain, some were fairly good-looking, some were pretty, just as white children happen to be when taken haphazard.

But although they might not be chosen for beauty, evidently, there was a plan in their

meeting. Where were they?—out upon the reservation, in some tepee or some little log house there? What! With those pretty dresses, that nicely combed hair,—for it did not count that they had rumpled this somewhat in their close consultation,—hands so well kept, and faces shining with pleasure and cleanliness? Cannot children be happy out on the reservations? They are made to be happy anywhere, if they have ever so little chance. But on the reservation they could not have been happy in the way that they were at that moment. They all sat in a large room with pictures on the walls, books in a bookcase and on the table, and all about them evidences of taste and care. From the windows they could see a beautiful river which grew wider and wider as it went on, until in the distance lay the broad ocean. Between them and the water was the lawn where they liked so well to play croquet and other games. No, they were not upon the reservations; they were ten little Indian girls at the Hampton school.

What were they saying?

"Yes, we must do it," said Bessie. "But I don't see how," she added.

"Everybody likes something to eat," suggested Elva. "Anyway, Indians do. P'rhaps we can get it that way."

"P'rhaps the cooking-class will show us how to make chocolate-creams," cried Chu-chu.

Edna Tiaokasin's eyes sparkled. She seemed fond of chocolate-creams.

"But we ourselves must n't eat any; we must sell them all, or else we should n't belong to the Ten Times One," said Jeannette Huhana.

Edna's head drooped for an instant; but she said, "No," bravely, and she meant it, too.

"But we can't make a whole dollar's worth, can we?" asked Cassie.

"Well, we can make some other kinds of candy and then sell them at the 'Holly Tree'; p'rhaps some of the boys would like it," ventured Annie.

"I know," and Lora nodded her head with a world of meaning,—"I know one of the teachers will buy some if we tell her what it's for."

At this there was a chorus of dissent. "We are not going to tell what the money is for—we all promised," said Bessie, the Secretary.

"No, we won't tell," said they all. "We'll see if we can do it first."

"Well," said Lora, "I think she will buy some of it, anyway."

The children laughed. This experience of the teacher's interest in their affairs was not new to them.

"Who'll make the creams?" asked Lora, in the tone of one asking, "Who'll bell the cat?"

"I," answered Annie. "We'll begin with these and see how they do; and Bessie will keep telling us how much money she has collected. Oh, dear! it will be so long before we get a whole dollar!"

"Ten cents apiece," replied Esther, the oldest of the ten, and herself only eleven.

Ten busier little maidens, red, white, or black, or brown, there could not have been anywhere than were these for the next two weeks. And there hung about their proceedings the delight of a mystery. But what was this mystery that was to be so carefully kept? These little Indian girls belonged to a "Ten Times One are Ten"

club; they had a work to do by their combined efforts. For at Hampton all the pupils, Indian and colored alike, are taught that to do things for others is the very best of life. The little girls must earn the money to do what they wanted to do as their work that summer. They did not talk about it except among themselves, but they were so important, and so happy, and so confidential, that everybody watched them. And, then, they were the first among the smaller children who had made any such attempt.

What were they going to do?

Ah, but they had not earned the money yet. The creams proved as popular as the children, and everybody praised them. At the end of a fortnight the funds were coming up well, but the dollar was not yet reached. "It seems as if everybody had an errand for us to do," said Cassie one day; "is n't it nice? I mended Miss M——'s gloves yesterday, and she said they looked so neat she'd be glad to wear them." And a pretty glow came over the little dark face.

But all these things were done out of school and out of study hours, for the children's lessons were all the time going on.

In a cabin beyond the grounds of the great Hampton school sat a little girl crying. It was a beautiful morning early in April. The birds, the trees, were rejoicing in the sunshine—the flowers were as tempting as ever; but nothing could make Dessa forget that the new term of her school, the Whittier school, began that day, and that she could not go. She loved her teachers. She loved her lessons. But at that time the "Whittier" was a free school for only six months in the year; and in the spring, partly to give the parents a sense of independence and to teach them that knowledge was worth paying for, partly to lighten the expenses which the Hampton Institute assumed for those months, a small tuition was charged. And sometimes when the children were bright and anxious to learn, and had no money—what happened? There was Dessa crying in her grief. The reason her mother gave her for her staying at home—that she had no money to pay for her—she was too young to understand; all that it meant to her was that she

must stay at home and never learn anything more. Her hair, as she buried her face in her apron, showed itself as black as the other children's, but it was kinky; and, when she lifted her face, this was as black as it was possible for a face to be. Yet she was just a child like the rest, and was as full of grief as the little Indians had been of pleasure. Her mother was washing, and seemed to pay little attention to the child. Really, she was sorry for Dessa, but could do nothing to help her, and she did not like to see her grief. She had parted her lips for a sharp reproof that would stop the tears, when the gate of her small front yard opened and a procession so strange filed through it that the soap-suds dropped unheeded from her hands, and the water from the clothes left hanging over the edge of the tub dripped unnoticed upon the floor. Here was a lady, not a stranger to her nor to the inmates of the other humble cabins, and with her came ten Indian girls of about the age of Dessa. What did they want? Here they were coming straight into her cabin, and she had no chairs to give them!

Miss R—— greeted her, and stated that the little pupils had come upon an errand which they would explain for themselves.

Dessa had stopped crying, and now sat open-mouthed. There was a silence in the cabin. The visitors looked at one another with a shyness which perhaps is possible only to an Indian, and then into Miss R——'s face.

And Miss R——, with the gentlest of smiles, answered, "Oh, but you know you were to tell about this yourselves! You have done all the work, and it will spoil the pleasure if I tell for you. Come, Bessie, don't you remember that you promised to speak for your little club? You want to do it, when you promised,—don't you, Bessie?"

This question, put with an indescribable gentleness of accent, was one which the little girl found unanswerable, unless she were willing to lower her standard of truthfulness. She made a step forward, and, stationing herself before Dessa, said, "We belong to the 'Ten Times One.' We are 'King's Daughters'—that means we have to meet all together and choose something we will do, and then earn the money to do it. And we choose to send you to the Whittier

school this summer, and we have got the money, and we will send you. Will you go?"

With a shout that took the Indians by surprise the little Dessa sprang up.

"Mammy, mammy!" she cried, "I's a-goin' to school! Hooray! hooray!"

"Can't you 'member your manners ter thank the little ladies, yer good-fur-nothin' Dess?" cried the mother, with the happy tears streaming down her face.

The ten children stood in Indian silence, but feeling themselves somehow like fairy godmothers (though if those beings had been so much as named to them they would have found it impossible to tell what was meant).

It was when they were going home, and Miss R—— was a little in advance with Bessie, that the talking began.

"That was just right to do. Miss G—— told us so," said Lora.

"It's real nice to see anybody so glad as Dessa was," announced Edna.

"Yes, and we must tell her to be a very good girl." And Chu-chu, who was the monitor of the club, put on her most serious air.

"She called us little ladies," said Annie, who seemed to have grown an inch taller since hearing this.

"Well, so we are," returned Esther. "I've heard them talking about it, and the ladies who give money to send the children to school are called 'scholarship ladies'; that's what we are—scholarship ladies."

As the other children demurred, afraid to claim so great an honor, Esther ran on:

"Miss R——," she asked, "are n't we scholarship ladies now?"

The fun in Miss R——'s face only deepened its sweet expression. She turned about to the eager group. "Why, yes," she said; "of course you are, now that you have given a scholarship to Dessa. Dear little Dessa, was n't she happy? Was n't it nice you could do it?"

"Yes 'm," they answered in a joyful chorus.

"What shall we do next time?" asked Elva.

"I shall not know until you've decided, shall I?" said the teacher. "Don't you think that makes it better?"

"I s'pose it makes us more scholarship ladies," returned Bessie, meditatively.

A Year with Dolly

By Eudora S. Bumstead.

The air was warm and the clouds were few,
The birds were chirping and hopping;
And everything was pretty and new
When Dolly and I went shopping.
Our money-bank was yellow and sweet
With its dandelion dollars,
So we hurried away to Garden Street
To look for some cuffs and collars



For a cap I bought her a great red rose,
I'm certain it gave her pleasure
And for lady-slippers to fit her toes
I was careful to leave her measure;
And I told the spiders to spin some lace
As strong as other folks make it,
And to sew the beads of dew in place,
And then we'd be glad to take it.

THE MEAN LITTLE BEAR.

In big cities there are parks where children go to get fresh air and to see green fields and trees. In some parks there are animals. The monkeys and birds and lions are in cages, but the bears are kept in pits built of stone.

In one such place lived four bears: two big ones and two little ones. In the middle of the pit was a pole with steps nailed to it. The bears would climb up to the top of the pole, and then boys and girls would take buns or bits of cake and hand them to the bears at the end of a stick or a cane.

One of the little bears was named "Martin," and he was a greedy little fellow. He always tried to keep near the pole, so that he could climb up before any of the others when there was cake to be had. But the boys and girls soon saw that he took more than his share, and so they would wait until he was tired of sitting on the pole and had to go down, and then they would give their cake to one of the other bears.

One day a boy came to the side of the pit and leaned over to look at the bears. One of the big bears, named "Bruin," was near the pole, and tried to climb up. But Martin ran against him very rudely, and knocked Bruin over. Poor Bruin sat down for a moment to recover his breath, and, before he could get up again, Martin was at the top of the pole. The boy put the bun on the end of a stick, and



MARTIN ON TOP OF THE POLE.

held it out to Martin. But just as Martin opened his mouth for it, a little girl, who was standing near by, said: "Harry, that little bear was mean. He pushed the big one over, and climbed up the pole in his place. I would give the bun to the other bear."

"Well, I will," said Harry; and he took the bun from the stick and threw it down to the big bear, who caught it in his mouth, just as a boy catches a ball, and swallowed it.

Martin growled a little crossly, but the boy and girls only laughed at him. So, after waiting until he was tired, he climbed down the pole, without having had anything to eat.

After a long while, Martin saw that the children would not give their cakes to him if he was mean, and so he learned to let the other bears go up the pole in their turn. At first he did this because he was lazy, and did not care to climb the pole for nothing; but, before long, Martin found that he was better liked by the other bears when he let them have a fair share, and that they took care to give him a fair share, too. And he also found that he was no longer called the "mean little bear," but was fed as often as Bruin or any of the others.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

THE bloom of the summer to you, my merry friends, and all the sunshine you can stand! Now that flowering-time is come again, the world is out of doors; life is full of air, sweetness, and joy, and the sky seems bending to catch earth's softest whisper.

Now you shall have

SOME SIMPLE GARDEN QUESTIONS.

YOUR Jack asked his congregation these questions—not conundrums—many years ago. They are repeated now by special request:

1. What very common and well-known leaf bears the letter V plainly marked in lighter green on its surface?
2. What leaf bears a mark resembling a horseshoe?
3. What flower carries a well-formed lyre which can be discovered by gently pulling the flower apart?
4. What blue flower bears well-imitated bumblebees?
5. What double flower seems formed of tiny dove-like things with their bills meeting?
6. What graceful plant grows its seed on the under surface of its leaves?
7. Can any one find two blades of ribbon-grass exactly alike in size, markings, and colors?

A NATURAL PEA-SHOOTER.

JACK'S botanical friend, Mr. Ernest Ingwersoll, sends him a bit of news about one of the Wistarias—those large-leaved, climbing shrubs that in June hang their purplish-blue blossoms in great clusters upon frames or over doorways, or high up on the front of houses and cottages. He says it is a natural pea-shooter. He found it out in this way: Wishing to keep some seeds of the Chinese wistaria, he picked a few of the pods that follow the fall of the flowers in autumn, and laid them upon a mantelpiece in his warm study. Midwinter came, and one day the gentleman was astonished to hear a sharp crack, like a tiny pistol-shot,

and to see one of the seeds fly clear across the room, from its bursting pod on the mantel. It struck against the wall as if trying to pass through it. He laid the other pods away in paper, and a day or two later heard the sharp little reports made by their snapping open. This vine, then, is not content that its seeds shall simply fall to the ground at its root, and there spring up into growth, but the pods wait until they have become so tense, with drying and shrinking, that they can hold their edges together at the seam no longer. Then they fly apart with a spring that hurls the seeds many yards, so that new vines may spring up far from the old one. As this goes on year after year, you can easily see how rapidly these wistarias, if allowed to grow, would in time spread themselves over almost any extent of country.

By the way, even the old owl in my elm-tree hoots at the way some folk pronounce the name of this plant. They call it wisteria, when in fact its correct name is wistaria. The dear Little Schoolma'am says "wistaria," always. The plant, she tells me, was named in honor of Caspar Wistar, an eminent anatomist, who died over seventy years ago.

WHO IS A. E. A.? I do not know. But a verse found upon my pulpit this morning makes me strongly suspect that either he is the man who didn't make "The Century Dictionary," or else he is the foreigner who said the English language struck him as being not always consistent in its spelling. Here is the verse. It is entitled

WHUY NOT?

THERE was a small urchin named Guy,
Who had eaten too much apple-puy.
He'd groan and he'd say,
And out loud he would cry,
"O goodness, I know I shall dyu!"

A. E. A.—

MRS. ELIZABETH W. LATIMER sends you this pretty story in verse, my young friends, and hopes you may easily discover Bessy's enigma:

DEAR little Bessy wandered away,
And where do you think they spied her?
Down by the brook, all alone at play,
With four letter-blocks beside her.

With those four letters she spelled out me,
Though indeed I was all about her—
In insects and fishes, in bird and tree,
And within her as well as without her.

I came from God to that sweet little maid,
And oh, may the gift prove eternal!
Bessy picked off my first and last letters and said,
"Now I've peeled the word down to its kernel!"

Still a word was left. On it Bessy's fate
May hinge for this world and another.
Just two little letters—their power is great;
Pray—pray for your darling, fond mother!

Then Bessy put back my last and my first,
But she laid aside my third,
And there stood of all children's sins the worst —
A hateful, horrible word.

A thing that when told breeds more of its race,
Though itself is the child of fear.
Bessy knocked off its head, and then put in its place
My third, which was lying near.

And then might be seen the mildest word
Could be uttered in shame and haste
By a mother who had from her children heard
What Bessy had just effaced.

She took two thirds of that word away,
Yet a little word stood there still —
A word that a baby will seldom say,
But grown folks too often will.

My third and my first she proceeded to set
Where my first and third should be,
And she saw what a captive would like to get
If he hoped to set himself free;

A word, too, a soldier hears at drill
In his sergeant's accents gruff,
And what Uncle Sam puts his papers on, till
One would think he had more than enough.

Here Bessy heard steps coming down the glade.
"Mama! O Mama!" she cried,
"I had only four letters,—six words I've made,
And one has three meanings, beside!"

A LIVE HORSE FOR FIVE DOLLARS.

BOYS, I know where you can buy a good, sound,
live horse for five dollars.
Where?
I'll tell you next month.

A CAT WHO ATE EGGS.

FREMONT, NEB.

DEAR JACK: I used to work in a grocery-store on Saturdays. This store possessed a cat which had a strange way of getting a living. He had given up his lawful food,—rats and mice,—and had taken up the more easily obtained and perhaps more palatable diet of eggs. The eggs were kept in large baskets which were on the floor in an out-of-the-way place; and whenever the cat was hungry he would go and reach into a basket with his front feet, and roll an egg over the edge. It falling, the egg would of course break, and the cat would begin his meal, though quite often it took three eggs to satisfy him. I have seen him balance an egg on the side of a bushel basket and roll it over the edge when the basket was less than half full, but this was rather difficult for our plunderer, and he would often have to make many attempts before succeeding. I have heard of a pet crow indulging in a trick similar to this, but with a cat it seems something new. Is it not?

Your constant reader,

A CHANGE OF UNITED STATES PRESIDENTS.

VERY few Americans, as the Deacon lately remarked, are aware that during the past year the United States has had a change of Presidents—on its postal cards. The new cards, of both sizes, display the head of President Grant, while those

formerly issued bear the head of Thomas Jefferson, the third President of the United States.

YOUR friend I. W. W. sends you this capital ALPHABET STORY.

A BIG Cat Drove Eight Fat Goslings Hurriedly Into Jane's Kitchen — Lame, Muddy, Not Over Pretty, Quacking Right Saucily, Their Ugly Voices Were Xylophonely Youthfully Zealous.

YOUR good friend, Mr. Meredith Nugent, has sent you a very strange picture of a tree, and a most interesting account of how it was made to grow so queerly. As a rule, I do not approve of twisting live things out of their natural shape; but for all that, we will now allow Mr. Nugent to tell

HOW FIVE LITTLE ASH-TREES WERE TURNED INTO ONE.

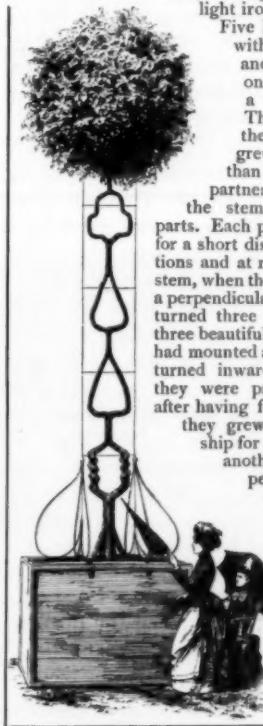
DEAR JACK: One of the greatest attractions in the Jardin d'Acclimatation, in Paris, is a curiously shaped tree, leaning for support against a light iron framework.

Five little ash-trees growing within a few inches of one another were grafted into one thick stem when about a foot from the ground. The trees took kindly to the companionship, and grew up together for more than ten inches, when the partnership was dissolved, and the stem separated into two parts.

Each part was forced to travel for a short distance in opposite directions and at right angles to the main stem, when the course was changed to a perpendicular one. Then each stem turned three times around, forming three beautiful spirals, and when both had mounted a little higher they were turned inward and united. Again they were parted, and again met, after having formed a triangle. Up they grew in close companionship for quite a distance, when another evolution had to be performed, this time in the shape of a graceful loop.

Meeting again, the trees took a longer journey together, but their trainer parted them once again. This time they were trained into a new shape, as you can see in the picture I send you, and the five little ash-trees were once more united.

Then, as if in celebration of this last grand union, the trees threw out numerous leafy branches, surmounting the whole with a globe of beautiful green foliage. I rather suspect they had eventually to perform more contortions, for on visiting them one cold day, when the leaves were gone, I noticed that the upper branches were bent inward at the top as if some other change might yet be made.



A QUEER ASH-TREE.

of this last grand union, the trees threw out numerous leafy branches, surmounting the whole with a globe of beautiful green foliage. I rather suspect they had eventually to perform more contortions, for on visiting them one cold day, when the leaves were gone, I noticed that the upper branches were bent inward at the top as if some other change might yet be made.

IN MEMORY OF ROSWELL SMITH.

DIED APRIL 19, 1892.

MANY a boy and girl who has had "St. Nicholas" to read ever since he or she could read at all, hardly can imagine a time when there was no "St. Nicholas" to make its cheerful monthly visits. Yet the magazine is really only nineteen years old, and it never would have had an existence but for the faith, enterprise, and foresight of its founder, Mr. Roswell Smith, whose death at the age of sixty-three years we now sorrowfully record. After a long and trying illness, borne by him with the courage which characterized his whole life, he passed away on the 19th of April,—just as this June number of "St. Nicholas" was ready to be printed.

Roswell Smith was a New England boy, born in Lebanon, Connecticut, and lived, in his early youth, in the old Trumbull mansion. It was in this house that good Governor Jonathan Trumbull with his soldier sons planned aid and comfort to the Revolution, and there he entertained the great men of the day, among them George Washington, Henry Knox, Elbridge Gerry, and Samuel Adams. Perhaps it was living in this historic house, filled with illustrious memories, that gave the boy his deep interest in American history and American literature. Perhaps it was because in his uncle's home he heard a good deal about books—or it may have been because this same uncle, Roswell C. Smith, was a compiler of valuable school-books—that the boy found himself at fourteen in the employ of his uncle's publishers, gaining his first knowledge of the business. Later, he went through the English and scientific course at Brown University, and afterward entered upon the study of law.

In his twenty-fourth year he married Miss Annie Ellsworth—the young lady who is known to have sent over Professor Morse's

trial line between Baltimore and Washington the famous first telegraphic message, "What hath God wrought."

The survivors of Mr. Roswell Smith's immediate family are his widow, and a daughter, the wife of George Inness, Jr., the well-known painter, with whose works many of our readers are familiar.

Forty years ago the West was much farther off than it is to-day; and when Roswell Smith, the young lawyer and business man, had left the quiet old Connecticut village, and settled in Lafayette, Indiana, to begin life for himself, it was felt that he had done a very bold and enterprising thing.

His success justified his course. Before he was forty he had acquired an independent fortune. But to him that was a good reason for undertaking new work. He could now carry out a cherished wish: First, he would become a publisher; he would help the world to good books—the best books of the best kind; and, secondly, he would make them pay.

In company with his friend Dr. J. G. Holland, and the firm of Charles Scribner & Co., he had already founded "Scribner's Monthly," now "The Century Magazine," when his desire to establish an ideal juvenile periodical resulted in their starting "St. Nicholas." From the issue of its first number, in 1873, until the time of his late illness, his zealous interest and liberal encouragement never flagged. The children, he insisted should have "the very best magazine that could be made."

But "The Century" and "St. Nicholas" did not exhaust his abounding energy. As President of The Century Company, he projected and carried through, besides other very important publications, the new "Century Dictionary." This dictionary he resolved should be more complete, more accurate,

and more interesting than any dictionary ever compiled; and though the undertaking required far more time and very much more money than was at first thought possible, its liberal projector counted no cost too great for the carrying out of his plan. He lived to see the work successfully completed, and to know that already it was recognized by scholars as the standard general dictionary of the English language.

Throughout Mr. Smith's career, he was ambitious for the work in hand rather than for himself. His successes were those of a brave, able, honorable, and just-minded Christian, who did with his might whatever he found it right to do. The very titles of the two little stories that he wrote for "St. Nicholas" seem now to have a special significance: "The Boy who Worked," and "Little Holdfast."

In his business Mr. Roswell Smith manifested a love of equity and fair play, quick recognition of the rights of others, and a readiness

to afford his co-workers opportunities of advancement. It has been well said that his best years were given to his work as business manager and president of The Century Company, and the history of its success is the story of his life.

Every lad who reads these lines may find encouragement in his example. This boy, in starting out in life, had no essential help from others. His far-seeing mind and willing hands enabled him to make his way to places of honor and usefulness; and, above all, the world is the better for his having lived in it. The "Century Magazine," "St. Nicholas," and the great "Century Dictionary" have brought pleasure and knowledge and beauty into a million homes. Through these their founder still abides:

Alike in life and death,
When life in death survives,
And the uninterrupted breath
Inspires a thousand lives.



THE GRANDCHILDREN OF ROSWELL SMITH.

THE LETTER-BOX.

I AM very glad to learn, through a little correspondent of ST. NICHOLAS, where the "Story of Red Cap," to which I alluded in the last chapter of "When I was Your Age," may be found. It is in "Malleville," one of the Franconia stories, by Jacob Abbott; and I advise all boys and girls to read it, as I mean to do.

L. E. R.

"THE COLUMBIA" is a twelve-page, amateur magazine, edited and printed by Edward Stone, of Charlestown, New Hampshire, a boy nine years old. We have enjoyed reading the three copies sent us, and find the contents varied and interesting. Mr. Stone's use of capitals is particularly bold and original.

Your devoted reader, EDWARD A. B.—

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you almost as long as I remember, and we like you better every month. I have two sisters and a brother. We used to have a beautiful St. Bernard dog; he would do nearly everything you told him; but we moved to Missouri and had to leave him behind.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am fourteen years old, and have a rifle, thirty-two caliber, with which I go hunting nearly every Saturday.

I have been taking the ST. NICHOLAS ever since I was large enough to read, and before I was, my mother used to take me on her lap and read to me. I like to take it, and shall continue to do so as long as I can. I'll close for this time.

Yours respectfully, C. R. Y.—

PIEDMONT, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl ten years old, and have long wanted to write to you. I do not know how many letters I have commenced, but have never had the courage to send one. We live in the country; I have a sister fifteen years old who attends school in the city. She spends Saturday and Sunday at home. I was very lonely without her at first, but am getting used to having her away now. We have good times when she is home. Our school-house is just across the road from our house. I often wish it was farther away, so I could carry my dinner as the other children do; but mama says she is glad I do not have any farther to go when it storms, and I am glad of that too. The country is level here, so we cannot slide down-hill as papa and mama did when they were young. We draw each other on sleds instead.

We have taken you since my sister has been old enough to read, and are always glad when you come.

Your loving friend, FLORENCE D.—

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I shall tell you about a sleigh-ride we had. It was a bright and windy morning that we started for Lexington. We were about twenty in all, and we went in a furniture pang which had some

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscript cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

benches in it. It was very cold, but we were well wrapped up. Most of us, instead of sitting in the seats, climbed on the sides or ran beside it. Sometimes one would lose his hat or tumble off, so we frequently had to stop.

For refreshments we had doughnuts and oranges.

When we got to Lexington we stopped at every historical house. Every house that was standing during the revolution is marked, so we knew which they were. We also saw the battle-ground and the monument.

On our way home we went into a half-finished house. One of my friends went into the cellar and had very hard work to get out, for the snow was so deep his rubber boots came off and he ran in his stocking feet to the pung. He looked very funny.

Yours, RICHARD D.—

NANANGO, QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We, Constance and Edythe S—, like your stories very much, especially "Crowded Out o' Crofield." We do not go to school, but we are taught at home by a governess. We get two volumes of ST. NICHOLAS every Christmas for a present from our uncle, who lives in Brisbane. We have never been to England yet, but we hope to go to Yorkshire some day, as I have an aunt who lives at Ripon. We have a horse named "Miss Lincoln." My brother Helby is very fond of riding; so are we. We also have two very nice dogs named "Jack" and "Girlie." Father has lots of horses. One is so tame it will eat bread out of our hands. We have two very pretty parrots called "Blue Mountaineers," and we had three green "leeks" (they are parrots), but my brother left the cage door open and they flew away.

We remain your great friends,
CONSTANCE AND EDYTHE S.—

FREIBURG, GERMANY.

DAER ST. NICHOLAS: My Uncle Ernest sent me your two volumes of 1891, and I like to read them very much. I am nine years old, and was born in New York. We are staying at Freiburg now, and like being here very much. One walk I particularly enjoyed, called the "Schauinsland," rather a high hill to climb. Other walks are called "Waldsee," "Schlossberg," "Rosskopf," and "St. Ottilien." We could not enjoy sleigh-driving much this year, for there was not enough of snow.

Your little reader, FREDDIE M. H.—

DEDHAM, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little English boy, and live in Dedham. I have a friend staying with me now. The coasting has gone, but it was good when we had it. I have a little brother who is four years old, and his name is Howell. He is a nice little boy. One day he was out playing, and Jessie saw him looking up at the sky, and he said: "I think I hear a scare-crow!"

H. M.—, JR.

MANY young friends whose letters are not acknowledged this month will hear from us in the July number.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Quasi. 2. Urban. 3. Abate. 4. Satyr.
5. Inert.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS. I. Initials, Venus; finals, Earth. Cross-words: 1. Verse. 2. Extra. 3. Niter. 4. Upset. 5. South. II. Initials, Uranus; finals, Saturn. Cross-words: 1. Uranus. 2. Russia. 3. Ararat. 4. Nassau. 5. User. 6. Severn. BEHEADINGS. Moltke. 1. M-agate. 2. O-void. 3. Languish. 4. T-erse. 5. K-etch. 6. E-quip.

DOUBLE SQUARES. I. 1. Papaw. 2. Aroma. 3. Power. 4. Amend. 5. Wards. II. 1. Occur. 2. Crane. 3. Calif. 4. Unite. 5. Refer.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "If thou wouldest profit by thy reading, read humbly, simply, honestly, and not desiring to win a character for learning."

Pi. One sunbeam shot across a cloudy day
Can brighten all the drear expanse of skies;
One loving smile can make a weary way
A path to paradise.

RHOMBoid. Across: 1. Amende. 2. Areola. 3. Assail. 4. Tetrad. 5. Deemed. 6. Drawee.

ANAGRAM. Rudyard Kipling.

To our Puzzlers: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to St. Nicholas "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from Rosalie Bloomingdale — "The McG's"; — Maude E. Palmer — Arthur Gridle — A. H. R. and M. G. R. — L. O. E. — Ida Carleton Thallon — Alice Mildred Blanke and Co. — Paul Reese — Florence A. Cragg — C. M. D. — The Spencers — E. M. G. — Helen C. McCleary — No Name, Chicago — Josephine Sherwood — "Leather-stockings" — "Uncle Mung" — "The Wise Five" — "Suse" — Jo and I — Chester B. S. — No Name, Minneapolis.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from Edith A. G. Evans, 2 — Lulu, 1 — War and Ma, 1 — H. C. Murray, 1 — No Name, Orange, N. J., 2 — M. Butler, 2 — A. F. Race, 1 — Susan Witmer F., 2 — W. B. Hart, Jr., 1 — E. R. Congdon, 1 — H. and H. Stewart, 1 — "Company Q," 1 — Beatrice F. M., 1 — F. M. Lazearby, 1 — L. F. Estrada, 1 — A. W. Tate, and her Mama, 3 — W. Jordan, 1 — J. D. P., 1 — L. M. Youngs, 1 — L. B. Youngs, 1 — F. H. and E. Barrett, 1 — Emilie O. M., 1 — F. S. Noteman, 1 — C. J. Ketchum, 2 — J. Bush, 1 — S. A. Gardner, 2 — F. Snow, 1 — M. Sprague, 2 — E. La Rochelle, 3 — C. Chester, 1 — "The Twins," 1 — Helen and Jimmie, 1 — B. F. Baer, 1 — A. L. Wall, 1 — "Leaf," 2 — "Two Huckleberries," 1 — V. Talbot, 2 — A. Reynolds, 2 — F. Beecher, 2 — W. T. B. and C. W. B., 2 — L. Stedman, 2 — A. J. Girault, 1 — B. Greffe, 1 — R. W. Greffe, 2 — Lillian R., 2 — A. O. Harris, 1 — N. Harris, 1 — O. Gale, 3 — M. Lang, 2 — C. H. March, 2 — C. F. Hill, 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 2 — Totie, 1 — M. Stewart, 1 — J. M. H., 2 — G. B. B., 1 — Ernest and Charley, 2 — "Only 1," 2 — A. Cottrell, 1 — C. Sidell P., 3 — E. S. Schmitt, 1 — J. B. French, 2 — Jeannie F., 1 — "Prince Phil," 2 — L. Griffin, 1 — C. E. Bates, 2 — G. Beecroft, 1 — Marguerite, Annie, and Emily, 4 — "Daisy Chain," 6 — Marie B., 2 — M. Hunter, 1 — J. B. Woodhull, 1 — Elaine S., 4 — L. S. Hopper, 1 — F. Wilcox, 1 — H. Handy, 3 — Willie S. B., 9 — N. Hutton, 1 — J. Childs, 2 — Bill and Mary, 3 — E. Goldsmith, 1 — H. V. White, 1 — A. B. Dougherty, 1 — R. Mitchell, 2 — B. Hanigan, 1 — Mama and Ella, 1 — Grandma and Carrie, 2 — Emilie B., 3 — "Pansy and Violet," 3 — W. S. Cochran, 1 — R. D. C., 3 — M. C. Griffin, 1 — Helen and Marguerite, 3 — G. Burnett, 2 — M., 1 — S. E. Steinmeyer, 1 — "May and '79," 7 — M. E. Evans, 1 — M. S. B. and Co., 3 — U. G. Beath, 2 — H. C. Murray, 1 — S. W. Kaufmann, 2 — W. Roberts, 1 — J. B. Brinsmaid, 2 — D. Allen, 2 — A. M. and A. J. Johnson, 3 — D. E. Armstrong, 3 — No Name, Normal Park, 3 — Amanda E. T., 9 — "Lyn-dego," 3 — Clara and Hollie A., 1 — E. Stoiber, 3 — W. H. Clarke, 3 — E. Roseberg, 3d, 2 — "Star," 2 — B. C. Torr, 3 — W. P. Howe, 4 — E. K., 4 — D. F. Hereford and D. W. Wilson, 6 — Pinkie, 1 — Blanche and Fred, 10 — J. P. Jones, 3 — "Lady Jane," 1 — "We Girls," 9 — H. Mason, 2 — J. Chapman, 10 — Ed and Bradley, 9 — Hubert L. Bingay, 9 — Mama and Hattie, 2 — G. Stang, 2 — G. Peirce, 1 — N. Archer, 3 — "Jack Dandy," 10 — E. C. Gardner, 2 — Wm. Van and Parents, 3 — H. D. Birmingham, 10 — A. C. Leaycraft, 2 — N. L. Howes, 10 — Grace and Nan, 8 — McA. Moore, 1 — H. S. Coats, 1 — "The Partners," 8 — "3 Blind Mice," 2 — N. K. Sheldon, 1 — D. L. Newton, 2 — G. W. Lyon, 1 — L. Don, 2 — Grace A. L., 1 — Mathilde F. and Sue H., 1 — J. Bennett, 1 — E. A. Bell, 2.

A LETTER PUZZLE.

By starting at the right letter in one of the following words, and then taking every third letter, a couplet may be formed.

BANJO, INERT, O, SANDWICH, TEASE, TEAR, OF, ACTUAL, ILLUME, TWINE, FLAME, TUSH, STEM, ORE, DIME, NO, AJAX, UP, UNITE, ON, SWEET, ATOMS, OATH, SHINES, ACTIONS, RHINE, BISONS, UTE, QUEEN, OWE, UP.

O. B. G.

SYNCOPIATIONS.

EXAMPLE. Syncopate to fasten, and leave part of the face. Answer, ch-a-in, chin.

1. Syncopate part of a house, and leave a strong current of air. 2. Syncopate to report, and leave a small species of herring. 3. Syncopate prongs, and leave fastenings. 4. Syncopate one who asks, and leave a tribe mentioned in the Bible. 5. Syncopate a vision, and leave a liquid measure. 6. Syncopate heals, and leave catch-words. 7. Syncopate a green fly, and leave the honey-beet.

8. Syncopate a river of France, and leave erudition. 9. Syncopate pertaining to the sun, and leave to ascend. 10. Syncopate sorrow, and leave an opening.

The ten syncopated letters will spell the name of a famous battle fought in June, many years ago.

F. S. F.

ANAGRAM.

A DISTINGUISHED man of letters:

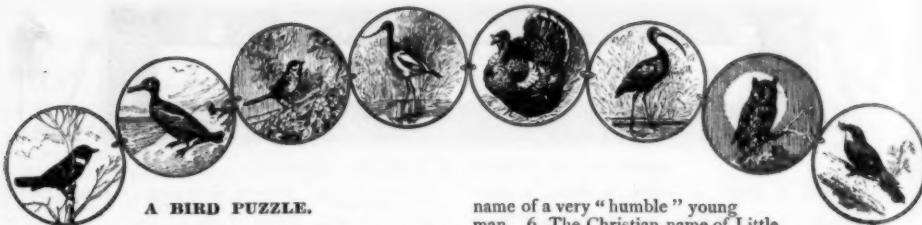
A HIT! I CHARM ALL BY ODES.

RHOMBoid.

CROSS: 1. Barrels or casks. 2. A cloth used for wiping. 3. The principal post of a staircase. 4. To revive. 5. A masculine name.

DOWN: 1. In coward. 2. A preposition. 3. A Spanish title. 4. A pitcher. 5. A drain. 6. A kind of cotton fabric. 7. Part of a chair. 8. A pronoun. 9. In coward.

H.



A BIRD PUZZLE.

WHEN the above birds have been rightly named, the initial letters will spell a well-loved season.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

1	.	.	11	.
2	.	.	12	.
.	3	.	13	.
.	4	.	14	.
.	5	.	15	.
6	.	.	16	.
7	.	.	17	.
8	.	.	18	.
9	.	.	19	.
.	10	.	20	.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Lees. 2. Half a tone. 3. Overcoming. 4. Contiguous. 5. Disqualified. 6. A box in a theater near the stage. 7. To reach beyond. 8. Having sharp points. 9. Nuptials. 10. A small dagger.

Zigzags, from 1 to 10, the name of a city in Russia which was bombed on June 6, 1855; from 11 to 20, the name of a battle fought on June 9, 1800. F. S. F.

CHARADE.

My first each morning greets the ear
With sweetest music, rich and clear;

My second will the rider need
To urge along his lagging steed.

While 'mid old-fashioned flowers, maybe,
The petals of my whole you'll see.

MILDRED MENDITH.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals, reading downward, spell the name of a Scotch naturalist who, in 1848, conducted an expedition sent to search for Sir John Franklin; my finals, reading upward, spell the name of a President of the United States.

CROSS-WORDS (of unequal length): 1. A Jew. 2. Incidental. 3. A Spanish title. 4. A drug which produces sleep. 5. Jet black. 6. A letter. 7. Incessant. 8. Courage. 9. An ancient two-handled vessel. 10. Disordered. 11. A goddess. 12. To hasten. 13. A ball. 14. A disease affecting a nerve.

ETHEL SUTTON.

A DICKENS ACROSTIC.

WHEN the following names have been rightly guessed and placed one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a character called "Lignum Vitae."

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The Christian name of a young man who was bound to be jolly under creditable circumstances. 2. The surname of a young lady who was an acquaintance of the Veneerings. 3. The surname of the young man who married "the dearest girl in the world." 4. The Christian name of an untidy nurse-maid. 5. The sur-

name of a very "humble" young man. 6. The Christian name of Little Dorrit's brother. 7. The surname of a man who warned his son against widows. 8. The surname of a major who was "sly." 9. The Christian name of David Copperfield's second wife. 10. The surname of a professional nurse. 11. The name of Mrs. Jarley's little assistant. 12. The Christian name of a daughter of Wilkins Micawber. 13. The surname of a woman who kept a commercial boarding-house.

C. McG.

SINGLE ACROSTIC.

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, one of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell a licensed beggar.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A kind of type. 2. The arch-fiend. 3. Fat. 4. The name of several evergreen trees. 5. Brittle. 6. To flicker. 7. Not luminous. 8. To invest. 9. Sky-blue. 10. A female relative. 11. Frozen.

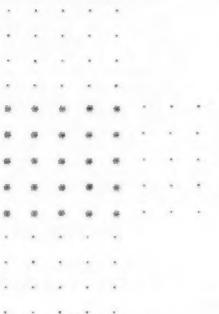
O. B. G.

DIAMOND.

1. IN January. 2. To sip. 3. Possessing savor. 4. The father of gods and men. 5. Forceful. 6. An Algerian dignitary. 7. In January.

A. P. C. A.

GREEK CROSS.



I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. Regularity. 2. A river of Europe. 3. A small sofa. 4. To decree. 5. Breaks.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A flower. 2. To climb. 3. Seized. 4. To choose for office. 5. Fissures.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Fissures. 2. A masculine name. 3. The point opposite to the zenith. 4. Race. 5. To scatter.

IV. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To spread abroad. 2. To come in contact with. 3. A Russian coin. 4. Applause. 5. Stimulates.

V. LOWER SQUARE: 1. To disseminate. 2. A form of head-dress worn by the ancient Persians. 3. A sharp instrument. 4. To eat away. 5. Merchandise.

M. A. S.

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"FRANK DIPPED A SALUTE TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.
PRESIDENT CARNOT BOWED LOW TO THE AMERICAN FLAG."

(SEE PAGE 646.)